

JUMBO COMICS



No. 93
NOV.
10¢

SHEENA,
Jungle Queen,

*"The BEASTS THAT
DAWN BEGOT!"*

ALSO
GHOST GALLERY-SKY GIRL
AND MANY OTHERS

NEW...

"THE WEDDING OF HOLLYWOOD WITH THE COMICS IS THE HAPPIEST HAPPENING SINCE CHARLIE CHAPLIN..."

MOVIE COMICS

No. 1

10¢



Feature Preview of
BIG TOWN
THE MOVIE MAGIC OF
RADIO'S TOP THRILLER
WITH
PHILIP REED and
HILLARY BROOKE

WOW!
NOW THE
FICTION HOUSE
BIG SIX
BECOMES THE
SUPER
SEVEN!



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MAY BE GONE WITH THE
WIND TOMORROW, SO GET YOUR
COPY TODAY!

A
FICTION
HOUSE
MAGAZINE

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NEXT ISSUE OF JUMBO COMICS (No. 94, DEC.) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOV. 1st

SHEENA

Queen of the Jungle

BY
W. MORGAN
THOMAS

FROM THE SLIME-BLACKENED CREVICES CAME WHISPERINGS OF THE DAWN RACE, SPAWNED IN THE EVIL SEED OF ANTIQUITY... AND DARMA, THE GHASTLY DEMON GODDESS, SHRIEKED A FIERCE CHALLENGE TO QUEEN SHEENA, AS THEY DANCED IN DEATH-GRIP ABOVE THE YAWNING TORTURE-PIT... EACH KNOWING ONE MUST DIE!

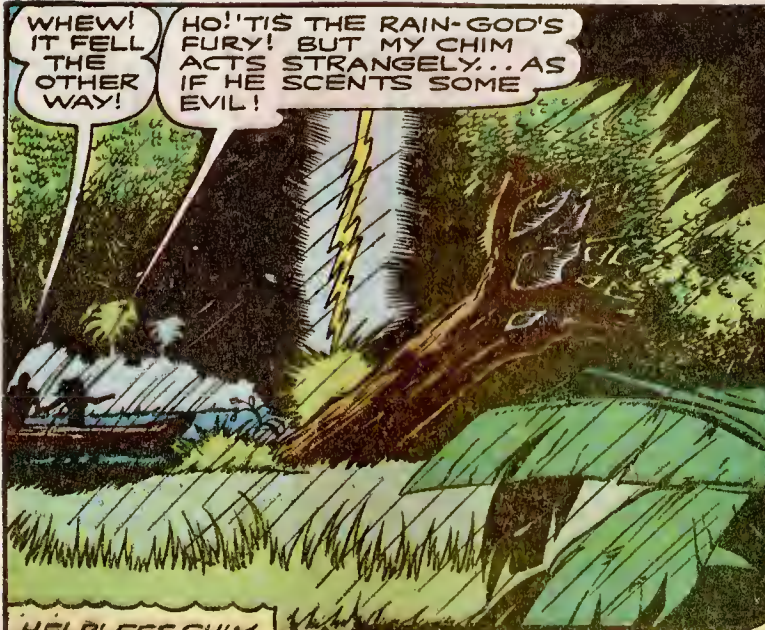


CHEE!
CHEE!

THERE... THE DUGOUT
IS FINISHED, SHEENA...
BUT THIS RAIN...

YES, THE MIGHTY
RAIN-GOD LASHES
THE SKY WITH
ANGRY CLOUDS,
AND STABS THEM
WITH JAGGED
STREAKS... LOOK!
THAT TREE...



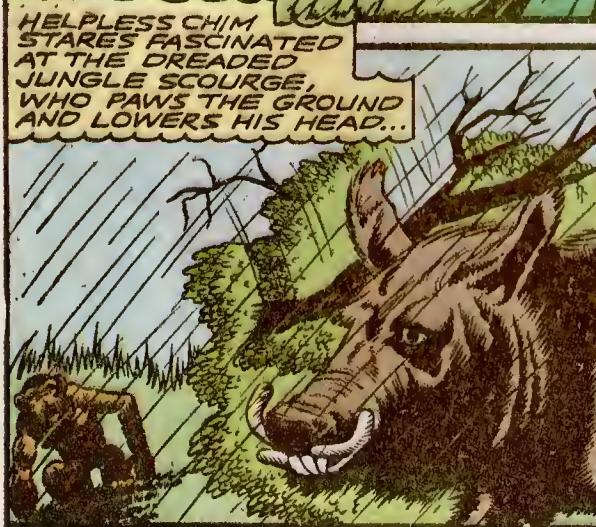


WHEW!
IT FELL
THE
OTHER
WAY!

HO!! 'TIS THE RAIN-GOD'S
FURY! BUT MY CHIM
ACTS STRANGELY... AS
IF HE SCENTS SOME
EVIL!



I SEE WHAT IT IS! A
WART-HOG! THE
FALLEN TREE
AROUSED HIS
ANGER! RUN,
SHEENA... RUN
FOR YOUR
LIFE!



HELPLESS CHIM
STARES FASCINATED
AT THE DREADED
JUNGLE SCOURGE,
WHO PAWS THE GROUND
AND LOWERS HIS HEAD...



...AND IN A
SNARLING
RAGE GNASHES
HIS RAZOR-
TUSKS... THEN CHARGES...

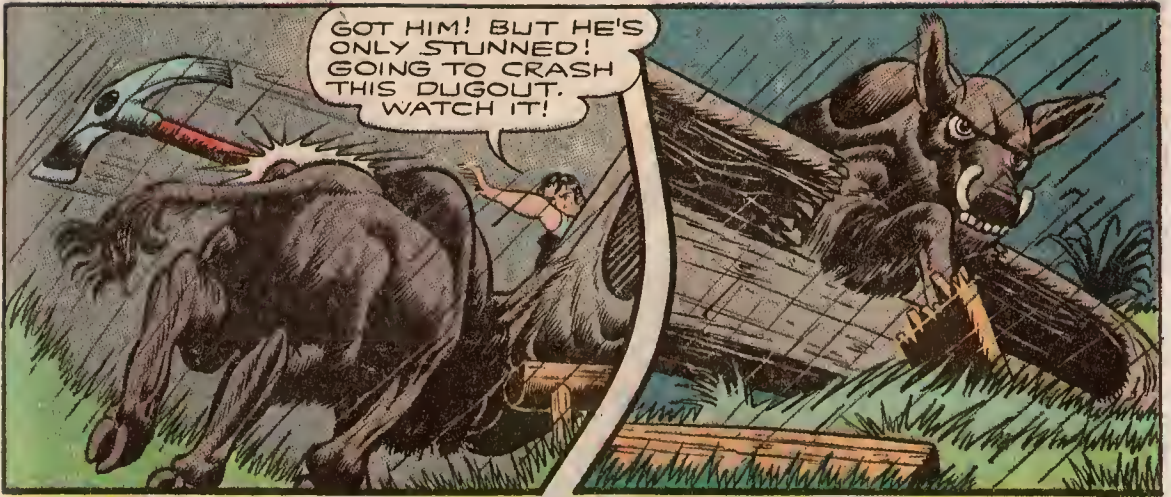


...FOR THE
GHASTLY
KILL!

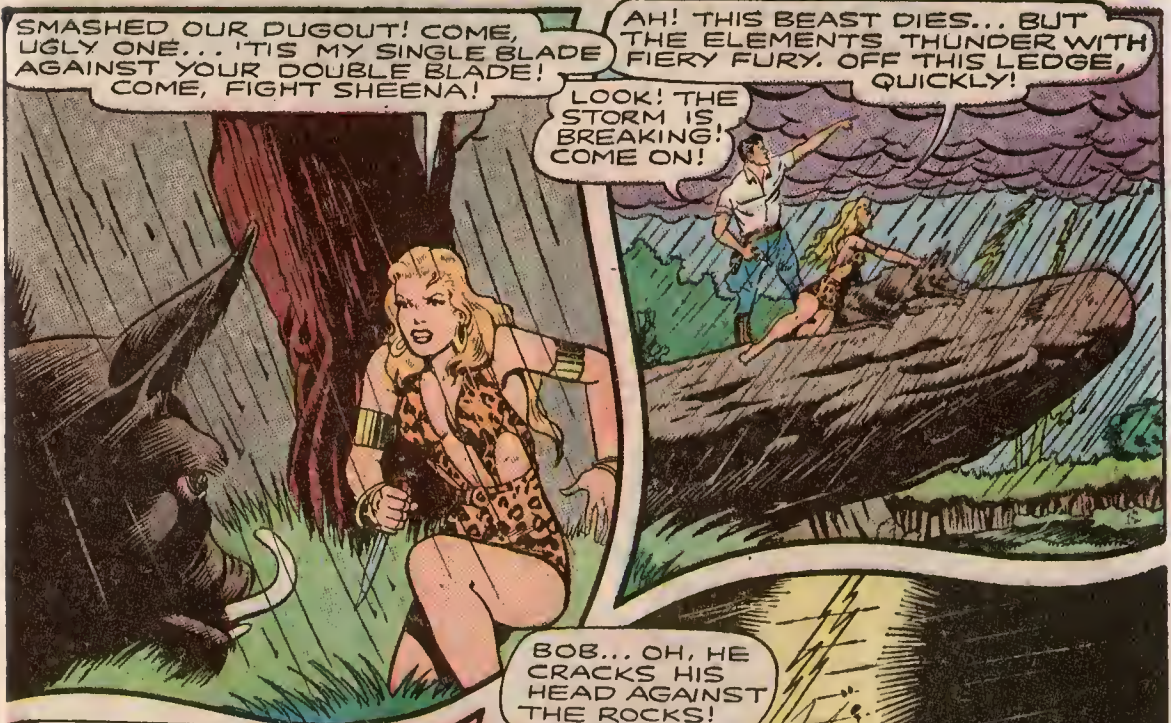


NOTHING CAN STOP HIM! HE'LL
SLASH US TO RIBBONS!

WAIT! THIS
MATTOCK...
A TRUE
HEAVE...
AND...



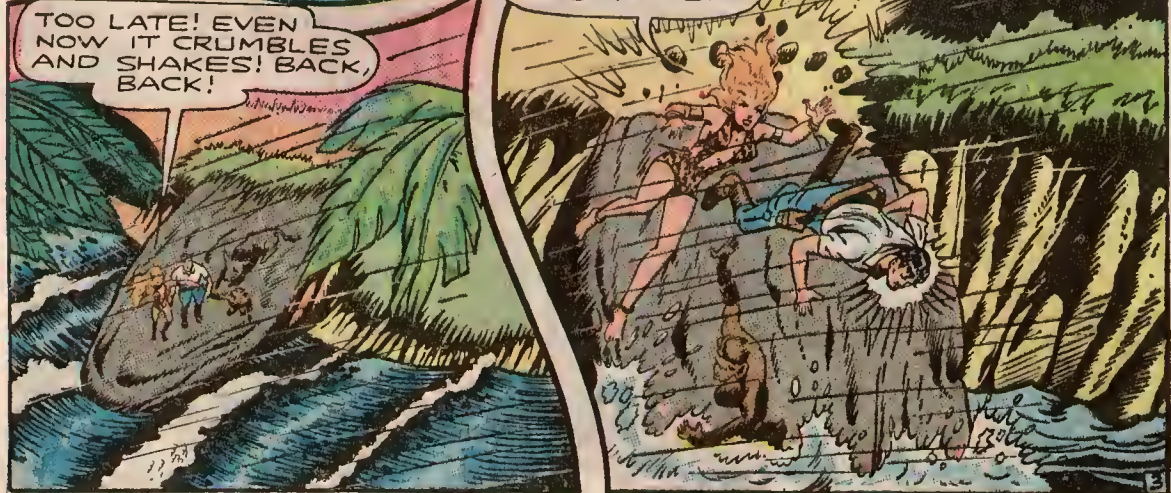
GOT HIM! BUT HE'S ONLY STUNNED! GOING TO CRASH THIS DUGOUT. WATCH IT!



SMASHED OUR DUGOUT! COME, UGLY ONE... 'TIS MY SINGLE BLADE AGAINST YOUR DOUBLE BLADE! COME, FIGHT SHEENA!

AH! THIS BEAST DIES... BUT THE ELEMENTS THUNDER WITH FIERY FURY. OFF THIS LEDGE, QUICKLY!

LOOK! THE STORM IS BREAKING! COME ON!

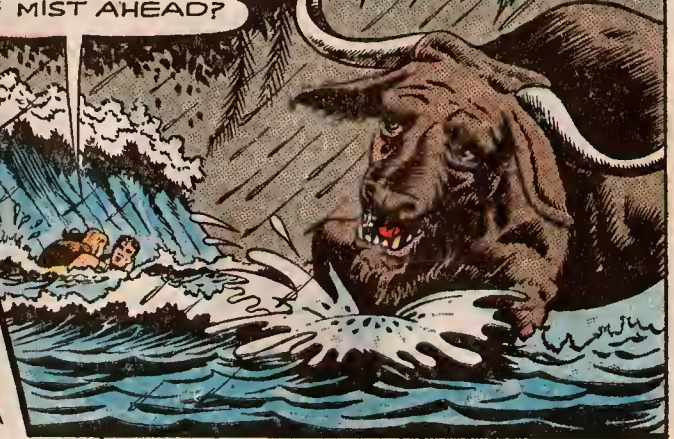
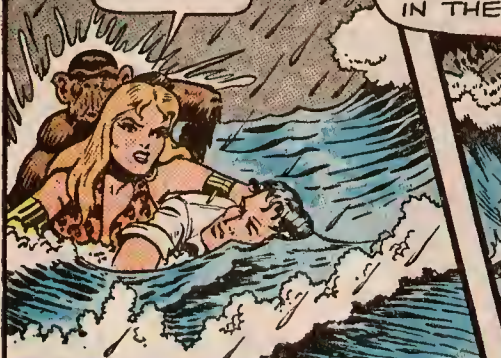


TOO LATE! EVEN NOW IT CRUMBLES AND SHAKES! BACK, BACK!

BOB... OH, HE CRACKS HIS HEAD AGAINST THE ROCKS!

UNCONSCIOUS! BUT I MUST SAVE HIM, EVEN THOUGH THESE SWIRLING WATERS TRY TO DRAW US DOWN!

HE IS MY MATE... IF WE MUST GO DOWN, WE GO DOWN TO OUR WATERY GRAVE TOGETHER! HE DRAGS LIKE LEAD... MY BREATH... B-BUT WHAT IS THAT I SEE IN THE MIST AHEAD?

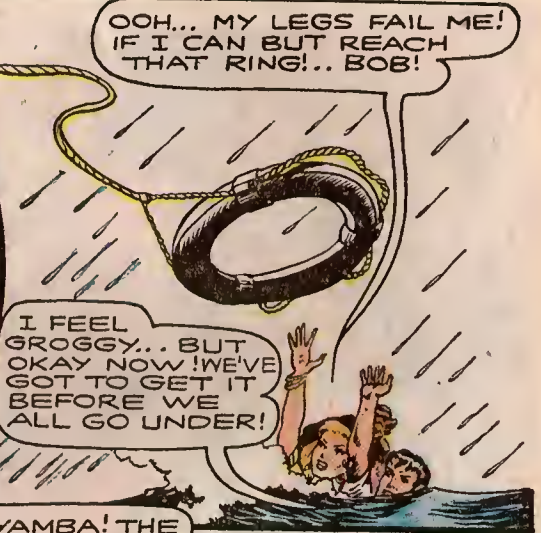


SUDDENLY... NOT FAR OUT ON THE RAIN-SWEPT LAGOON...

GREAT SCOTT!... PEOPLE OUT THERE... STRUGGLING! THE ROPES... QUICKLY! WE MUST SAVE THEM!



OOH... MY LEGS FAIL ME! IF I CAN BUT REACH THAT RING!.. BOB!



I FEEL GROGGY... BUT OKAY NOW! WE'VE GOT TO GET IT BEFORE WE ALL GO UNDER!

GET THEM ABOARD, QUICKLY!

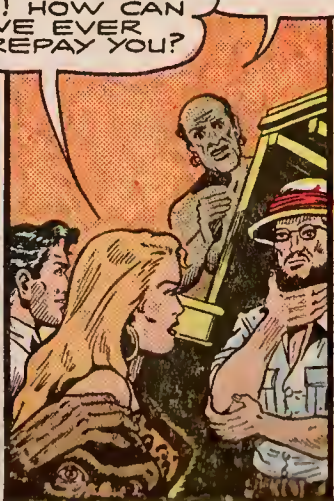
SOON...

WE OWE YOU OUR LIVES, PROFESSOR CRAIG! HOW CAN WE EVER REPAY YOU?

MOYAMBA! THE RUDDER IS SMASHED, B'WANA! I CANNOT STEER!

HOLD TIGHT! THAT SHEER CLIFF AHEAD... WE'RE GOING TO CRASH...

BUT WAIT! WHAT IS THAT I SEE? NO! IT CAN'T BE... YET...



WAH! THE BOAT GLIDES EASILY INTO THIS NATURAL SLIME-BLACKENED CREVICE.

WE'RE SAVED, SHEENA! IT'S SO CALM IN HERE...

TOO CALM, PROFESSOR! SHEENA DOES NOT LIKE THIS WEIRD GLOW, AND EVIL SMELL... BUT WHAT IS THAT?...

SUDDENLY...

GOOD HEAVENS! A GIANT PREHISTORIC SERPOQUID! JUMP CLEAR! HURRY!



OOOHH! HORRIBLE TO SEE... BUT TOO LATE TO SAVE HIM!

WE'VE HAD BAD LUCK, SINCE ONE OF MY MEN FIRED ON A STRANGE LOOKING WHITE APE... NOW WE ARE TRAPPED. WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, SHEENA?

THE WHITE APE IS A SYMBOL OF EVIL... BUT WE CANNOT LEAVE THE WAY WE ENTERED... WE MUST TAKE THIS PATH LEADING IN. COME!

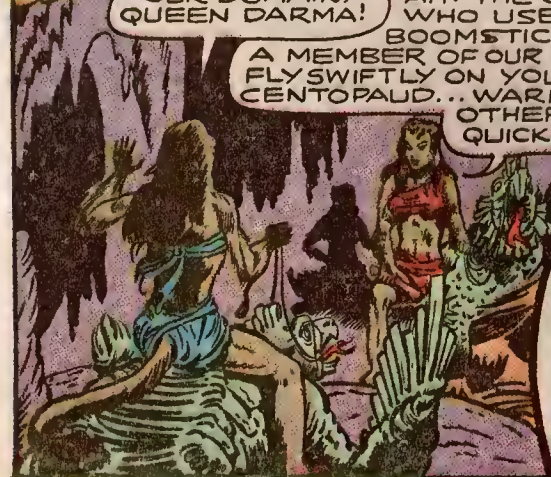
MEANWHILE... DEEP IN THE INTERIOR...

ZAH! STRANGE, HAIR-LESS CREATURES INVADGE OUR DOMAIN, QUEEN DARMA!

AH! THE ONES WHO USED A BOOMSTICK ON A MEMBER OF OUR RACE... FLY SWIFTLY ON YOUR CENTOPAUD... WARN THE OTHERS! QUICKLY!

SOME TIME LATER...

THEY COME! I SEE THEM BELOW! REVENGE SHALL BE LINGERING AND SWEET, SO LET THE GODS OF VENGEANCE RIDE WITH YOU, O MIGHTY DAWN RACE! CHARGE!





ZAH! IT IS GOOD WE HAVE THE OTHERS, SO LEAVE THE GOLDEN ONE TO HER TERRIBLE FATE... THE SPIDERS SHALL FEAST WELL!

LATER... AT THE DAWN TEMPLE, AS THE EVIL IDOL, DA-KAAHN LEERS DOWN TERRIBLY UPON FRESH SACRIFICES...

TO THE CAGES WITH THEM! THE SACRIFICES SHALL BEGIN. THIS ONE FIRST!

LOOK, PROFESSOR... YOUR ASSISTANT... THEY DRAG HIM TOWARD THAT GRINNING IDOL!

AH! THE WHITE MAN IS STRAPPED... READY! WITNESS YOUR DOOM, CAPTIVES! ONE TUG OF THIS ROPE... AND DA-KAAHN RECEIVES HIS SACRIFICE!

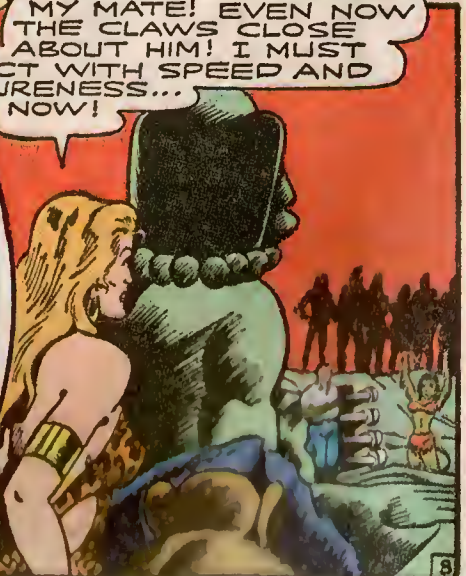
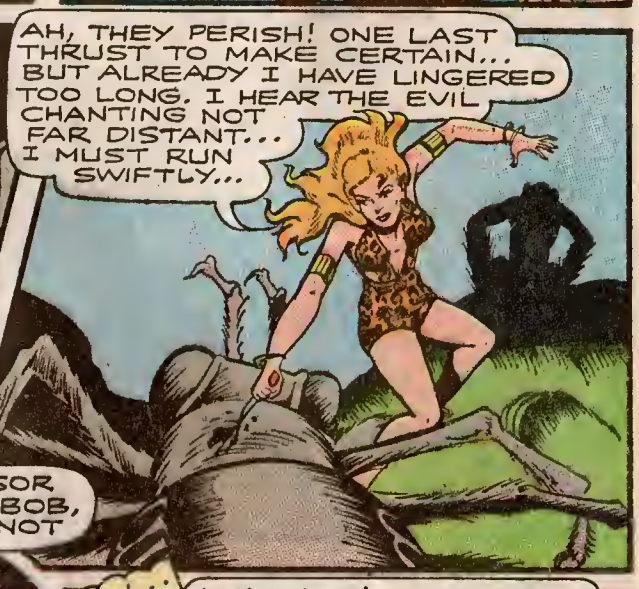
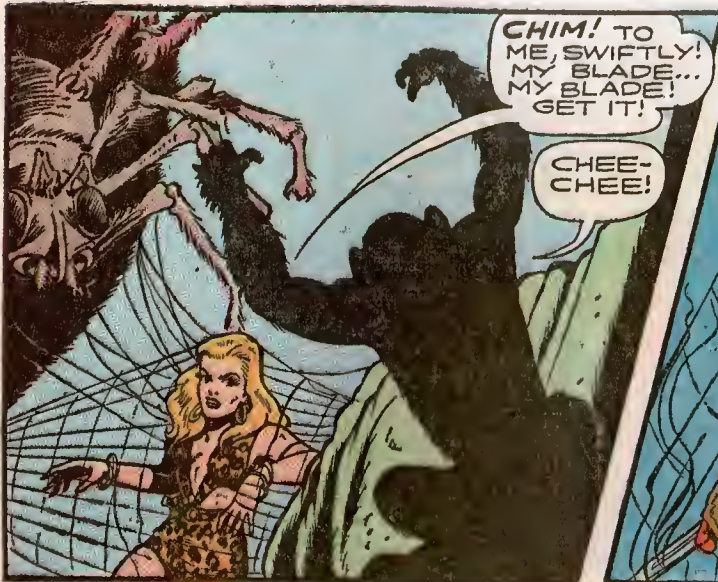
THE CLAWS CRUSH ME! STOP! NO! AAAHH!

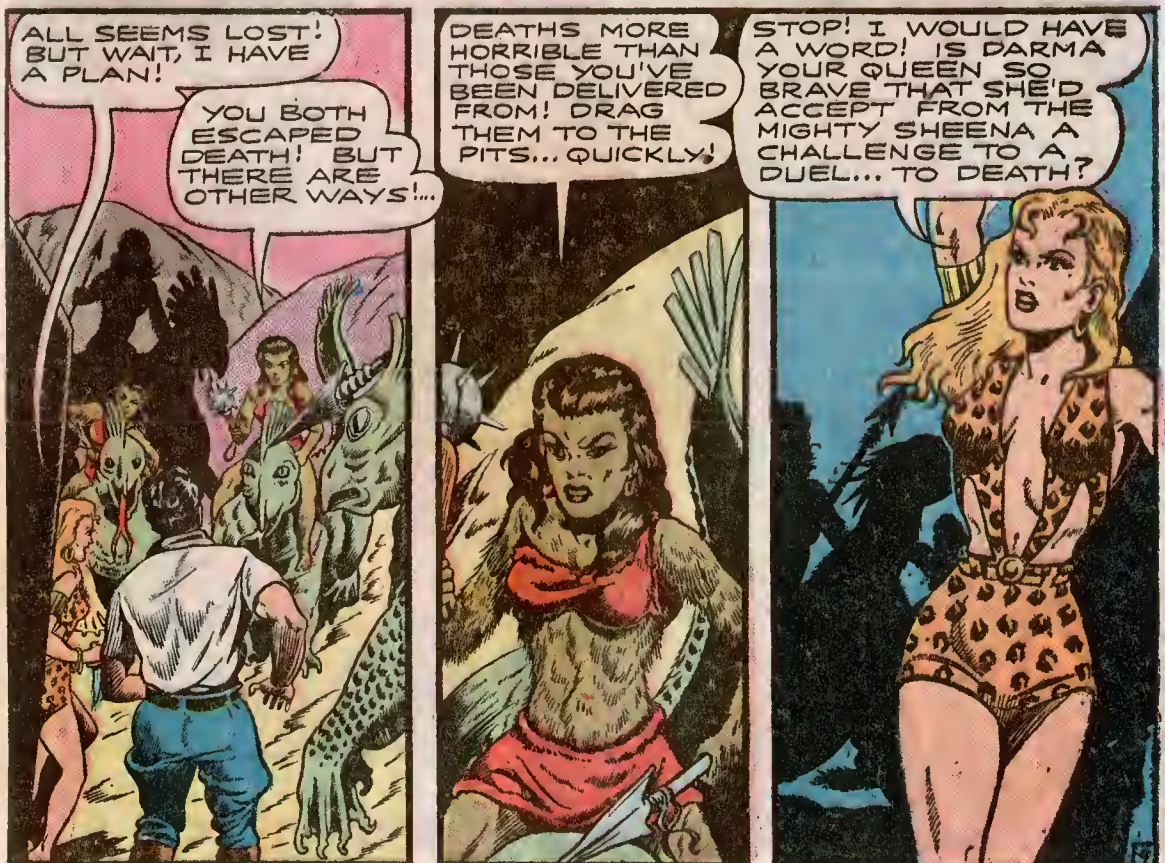
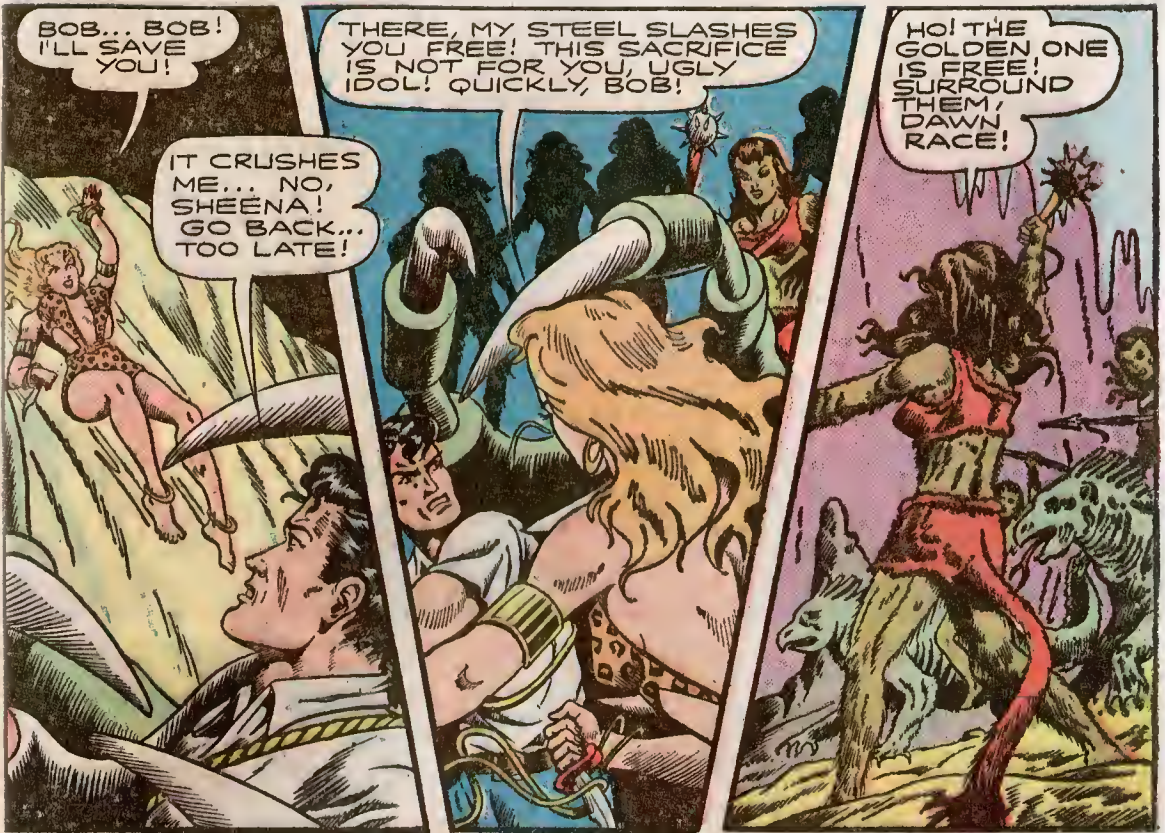
ALAS! WE ARE POWERLESS TO SAVE HIM!

GONE! CLAWS CRUSHED HIM TO PULP, AND ACCORDING TO THEIR CHANTS, I'M NEXT. IT MATTERS NOT... MY SHEENA IS DEAD! OH, FOR ONE LAST WORD WITH HER... TOO LATE! THEY COME FOR ME...

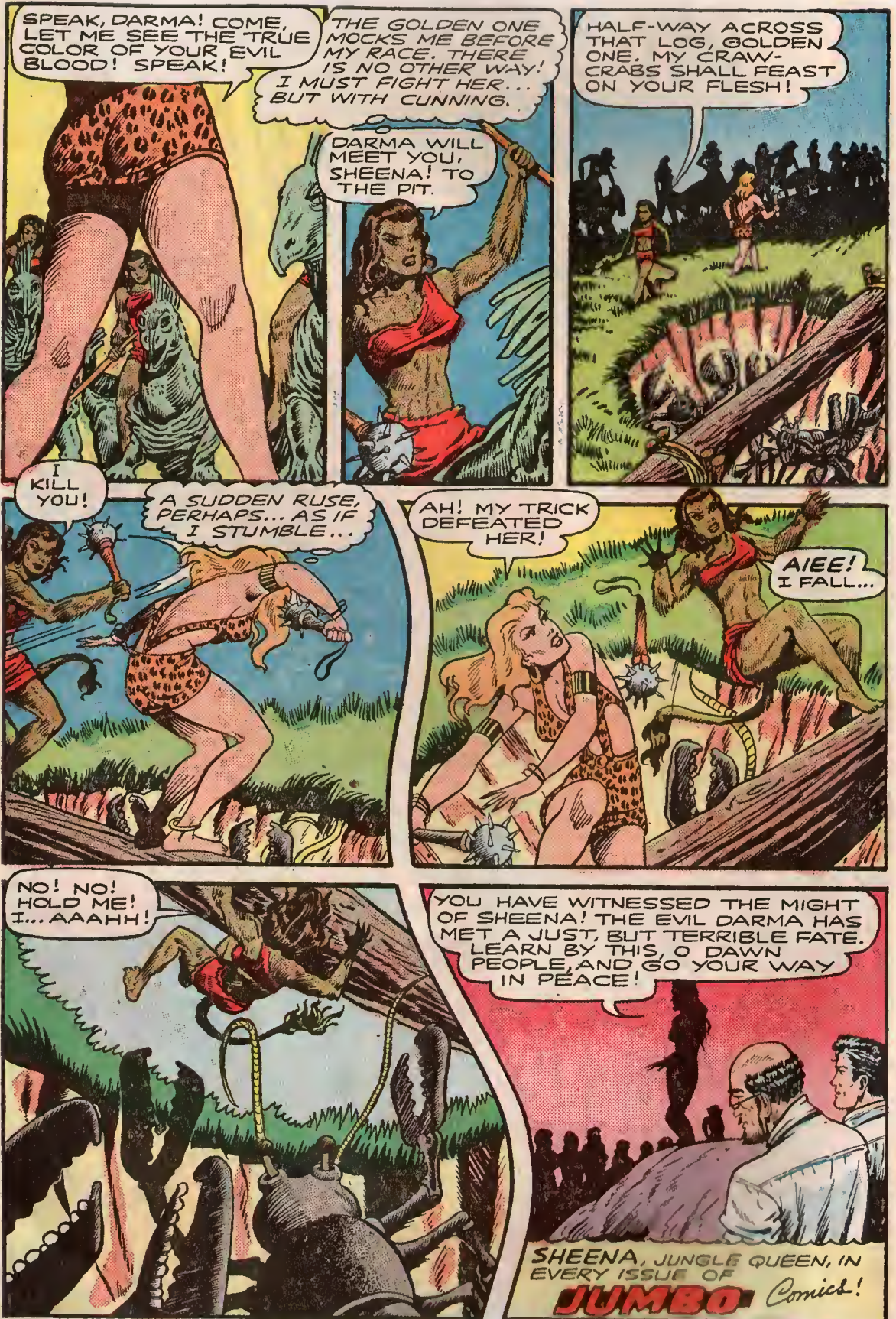
MEANWHILE...

THE STRENGTH OF SHEENA IS AS NOTHING IN THIS WEB-LIKE SNARE! NOW! THEY CLOSE IN FOR THE FEAST! BUT WAIT...





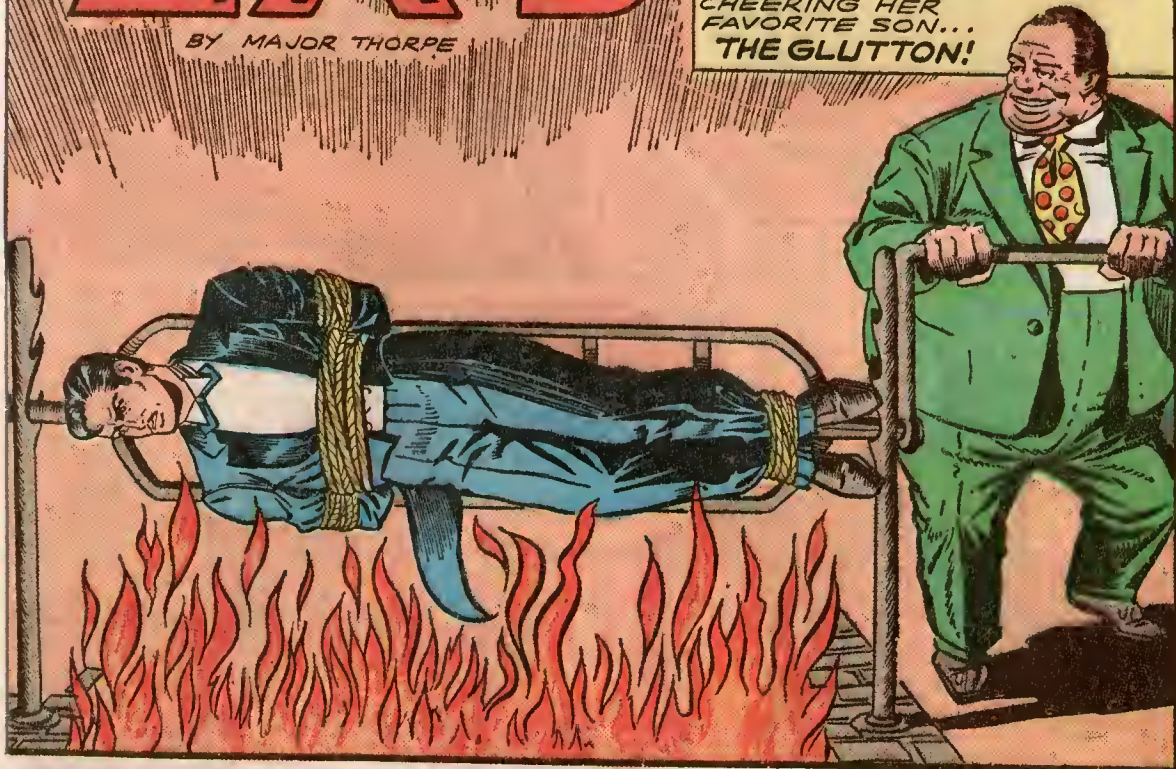
JUMBO COMICS



ZX-5

BY MAJOR THORPE

OUT OF THE SHADOWS, SLINK-
ING FROM THE LONG AGO,
EMERGES A KILLER, SUAVE
AS HE IS RUTHLESS. AN INSANE
LUST FOR BLOOD BEATS A
CRESCENDO IN HIS BRAIN.
KILL! KILL ZX, THE ONE WHO
HAS SO FREQUENTLY FOILED
YOU! THEN THEY MEET IN
EPIC STRUGGLE WITH DEATH
CHEERING HER
FAVORITE SON...
THE GLUTTON!



GUARDING WEDDING
GIFTS IS NOT QUITE
MY USUAL LINE, BARON.
HOWEVER, I IMAGINE
THE SOLVANIAN
CROWN JEWELS
WARRANT MY
MAKING AN
EXCEPTION.

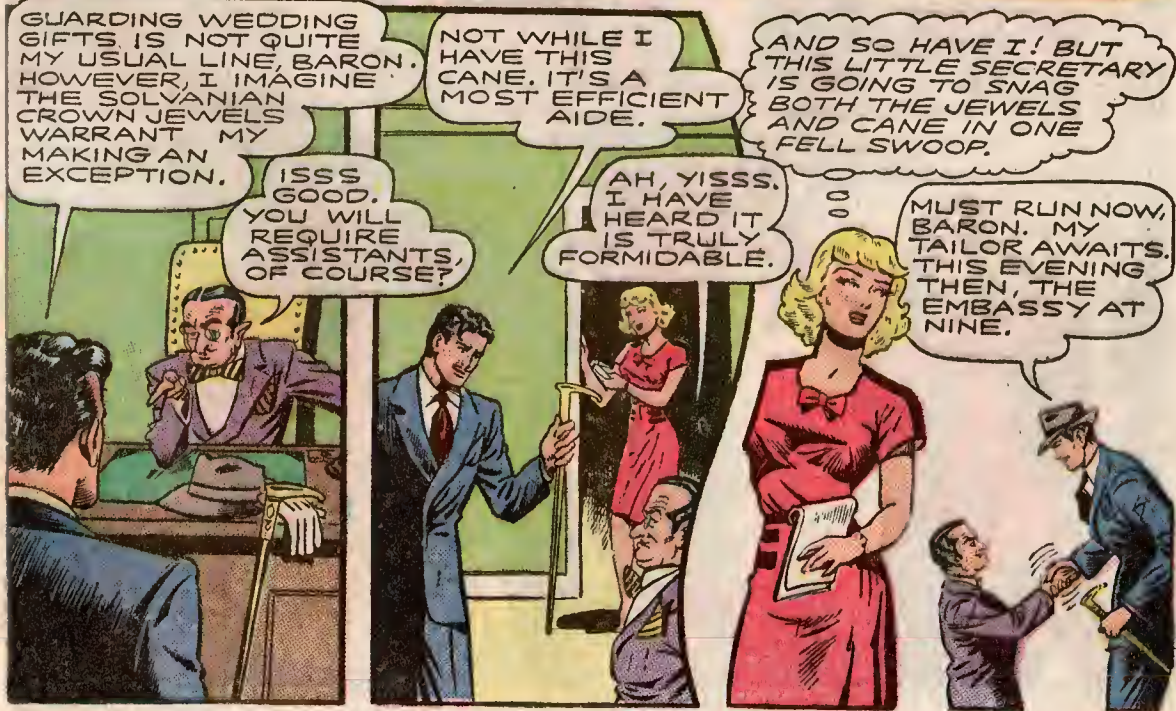
ISSS
GOOD.
YOU WILL
REQUIRE
ASSISTANTS,
OF COURSE?

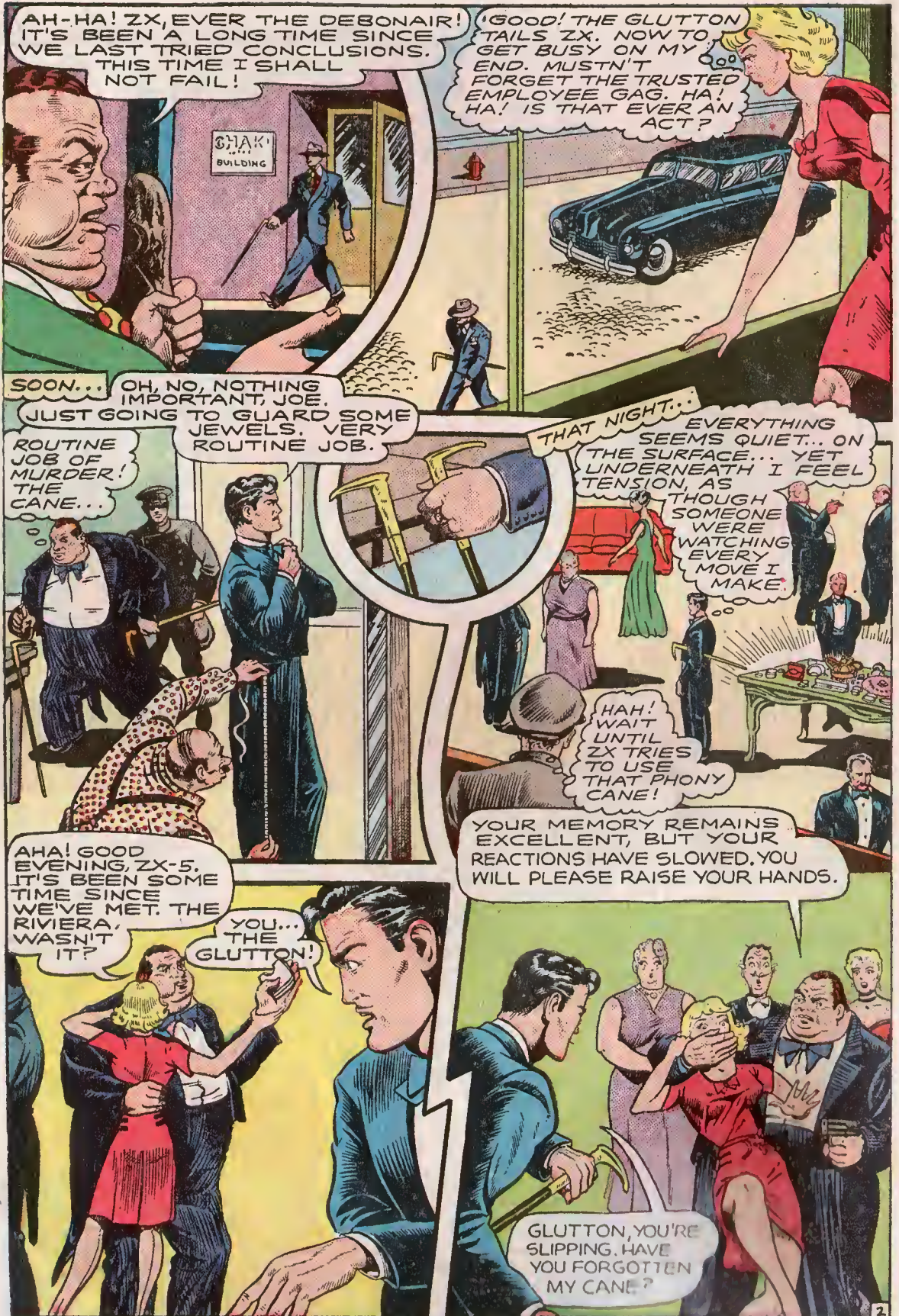
NOT WHILE I
HAVE THIS
CANE. IT'S A
MOST EFFICIENT
AIDE.

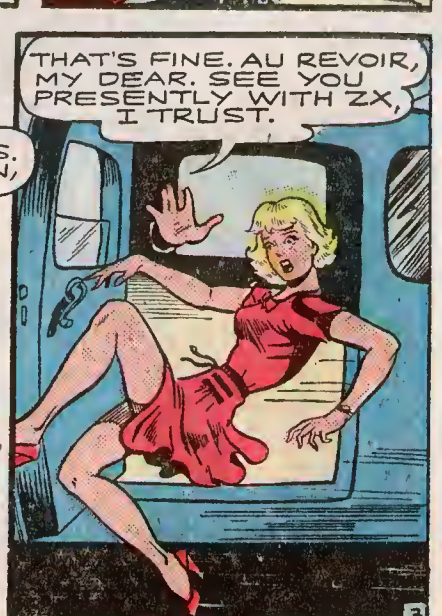
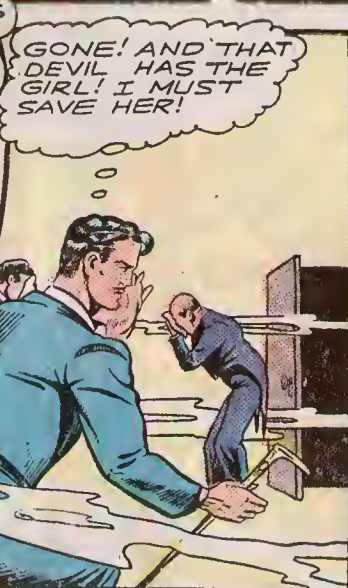
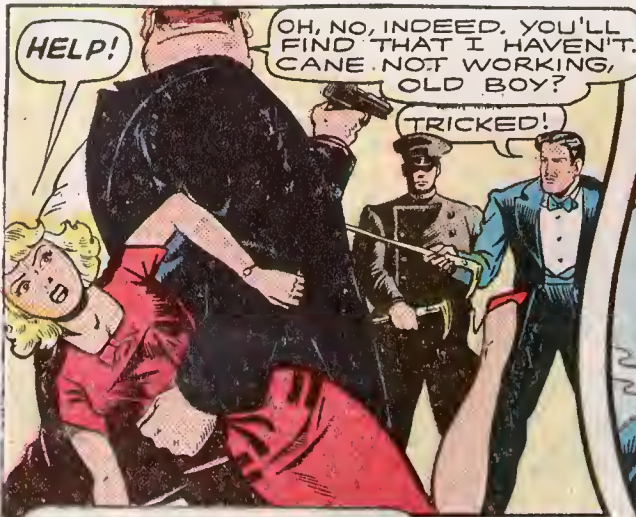
AH, YISSS.
I HAVE
HEARD IT
IS TRULY
FORMIDABLE.

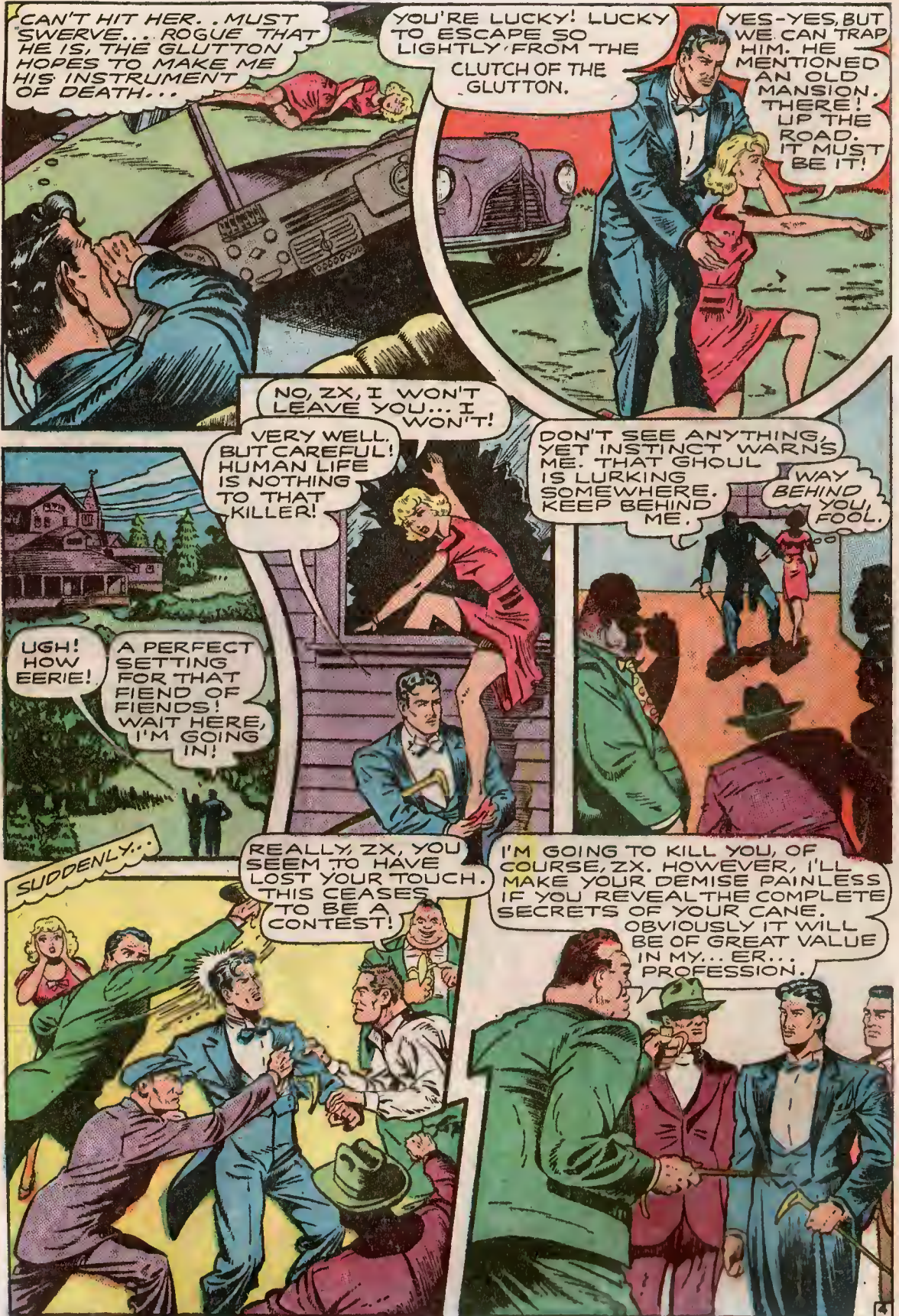
AND SO HAVE I! BUT
THIS LITTLE SECRETARY
IS GOING TO SNAG
BOTH THE JEWELS
AND CAME IN ONE
FELL SWOOP.

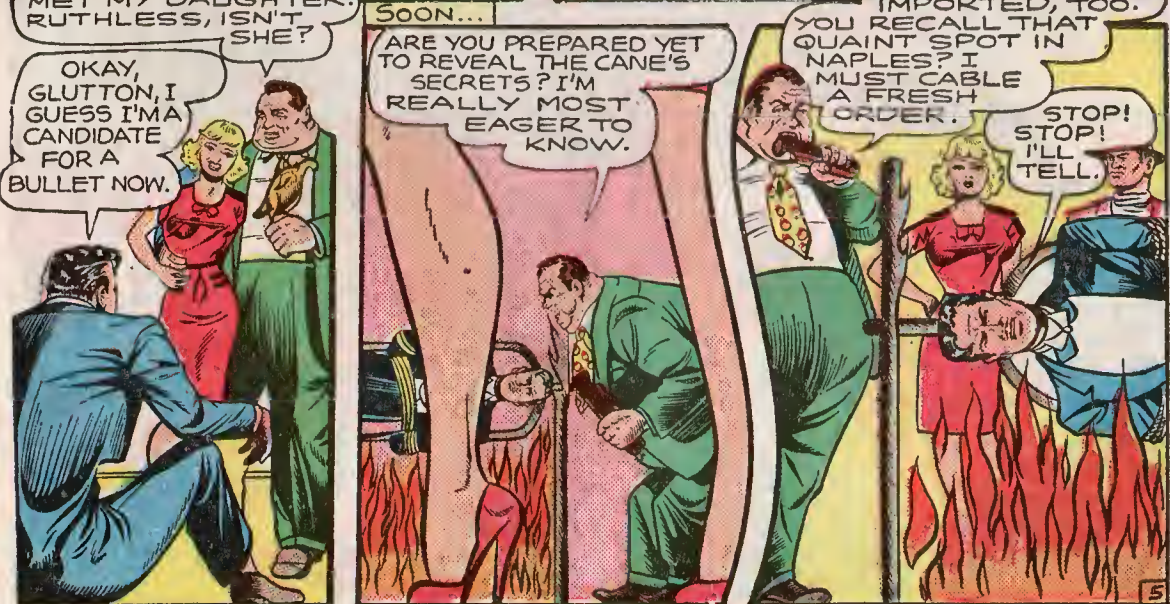
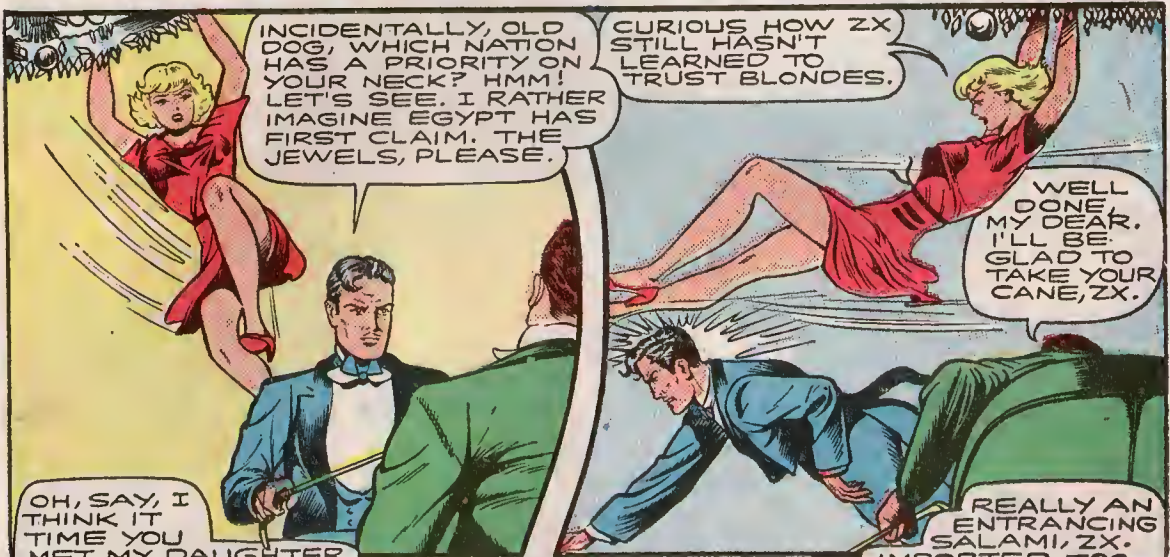
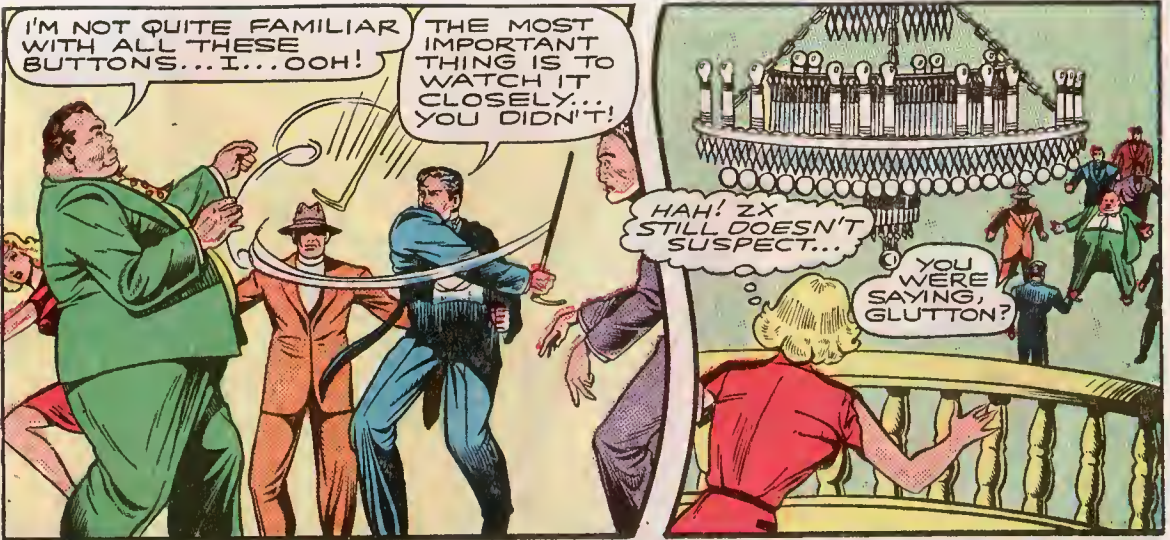
MUST RUN NOW.
BARON. MY
TAILOR AWAITS.
THIS EVENING
THEN, THE
EMBASSY AT
NINE.









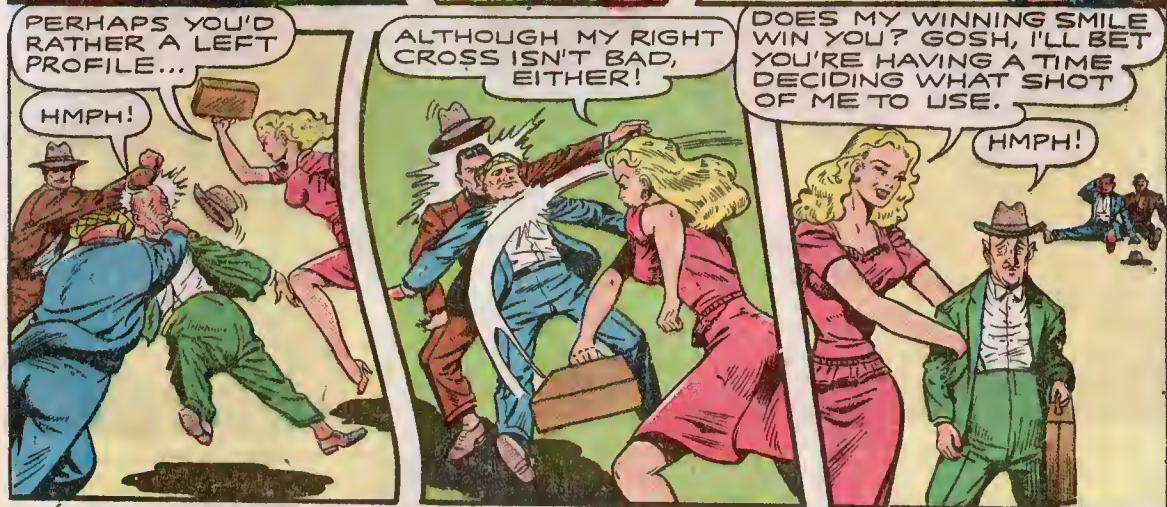
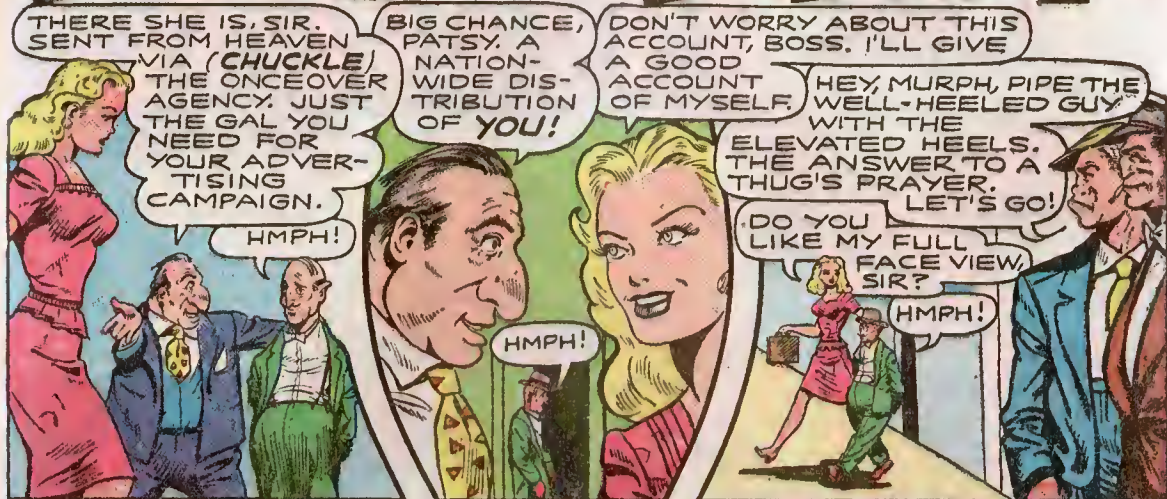


JUMBO COMICS



PATSY PINUP

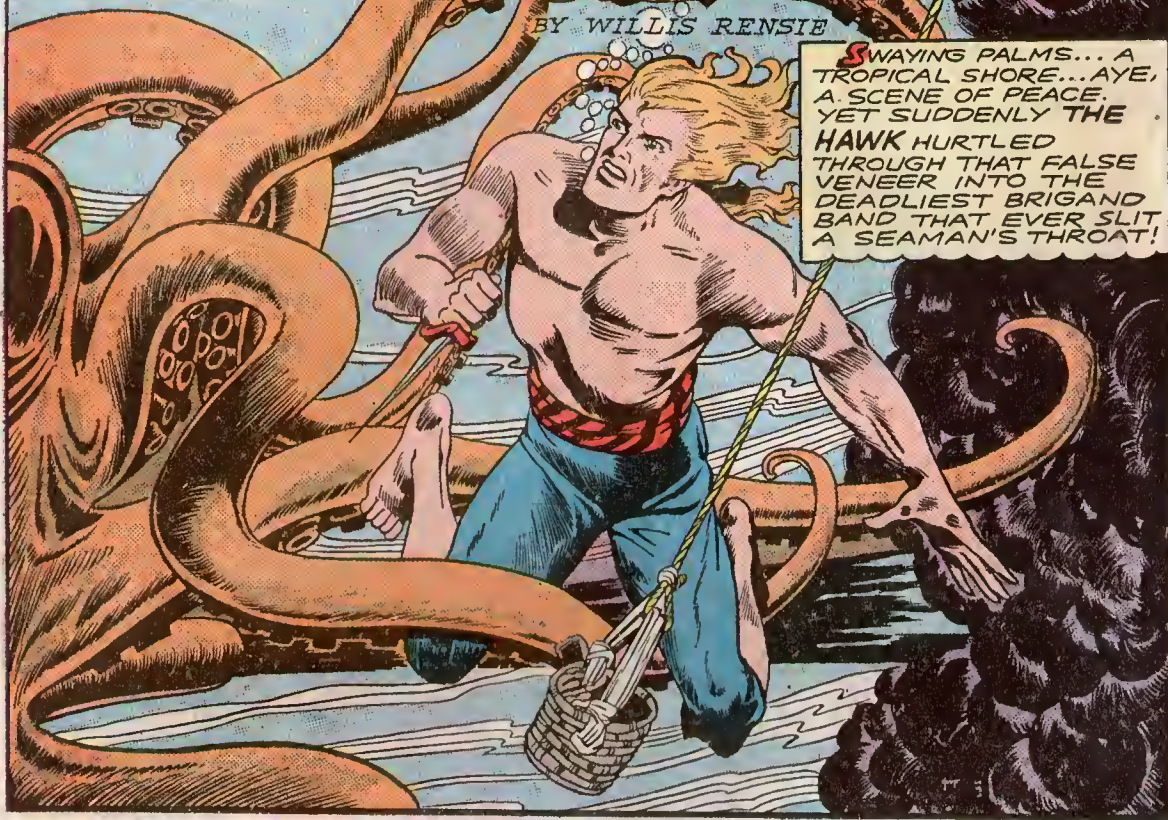
BY
SWING
SISTA



The Hawk

BY WILLIS RENSIE

SWAYING PALMS... A TROPICAL SHORE... AYE, A SCENE OF PEACE. YET SUDDENLY THE HAWK HURTTLED THROUGH THAT FALSE VENEER INTO THE DEADLIEST BRIGAND BAND THAT EVER SLIT A SEAMAN'S THROAT!

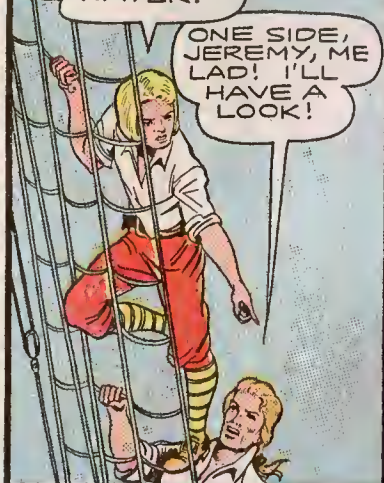


IT BEGAN WHEN THE LADY SCARLETT CRUISED IN PEARL-DIVING WATERS...



CAP'N HAWK! LOOK YONDER... 'TIS A MAN IN THE WATER!

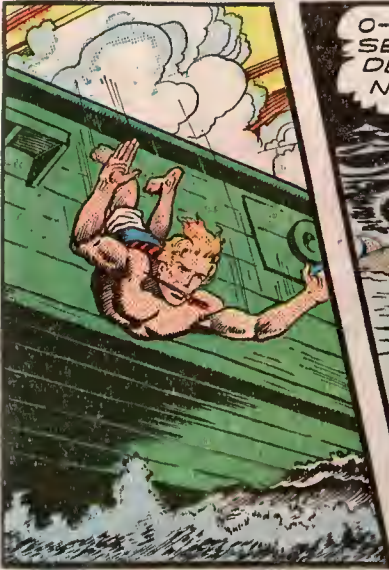
ONE SIDE, JEREMY, ME LAD! I'LL HAVE A LOOK!



BOUND TO A LOG, 'E IS... AND LOOK! THAT FIN!

'TIS A SHARK HEADIN' FOR THE POOR DEVIL!





O-HO! THE KILLER SEEMS TO HAVE DECIDED ON A NEW MORSEL..



BUT I'VE NO TASTE FOR A SHARK'S MEAL THIS DAY!



PULL LIVELY THERE, CALEB! 'TIS ONE O' THE DIVERS A MITE WEAK 'E IS!

HERE, CAP'N, PASS 'IM OVER!

'E'S COMIN' AROUND.. TRYIN' TO TELL US SOMETHING, VELVET!

ME KOLUA.. LINGAH IS DEMON... DEMAND TRIBUTE OF DIVERS... KOLUA REFUSE TO PAY... SO...

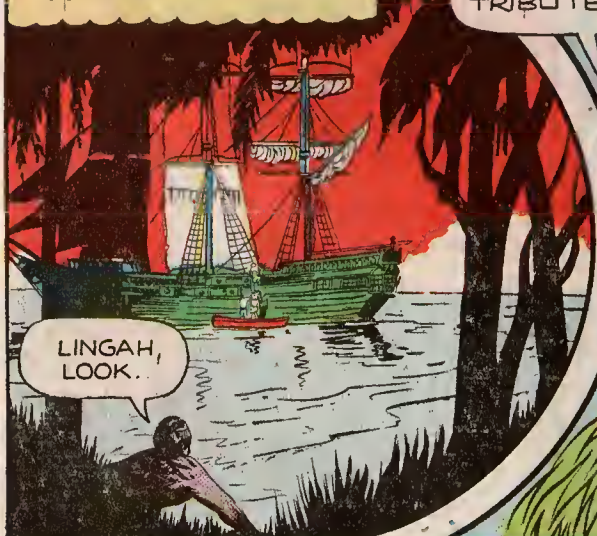
HE'S FAINTING AGAIN, CAP'N!



AS KOLUA IS TAKEN ABOARD THE LADY SCARLETT

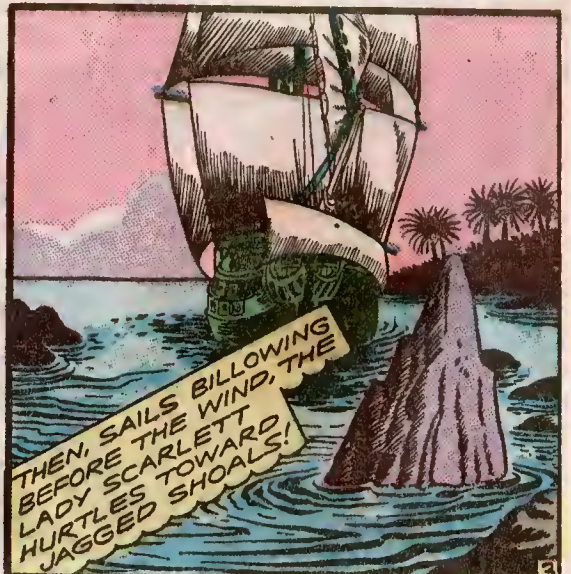
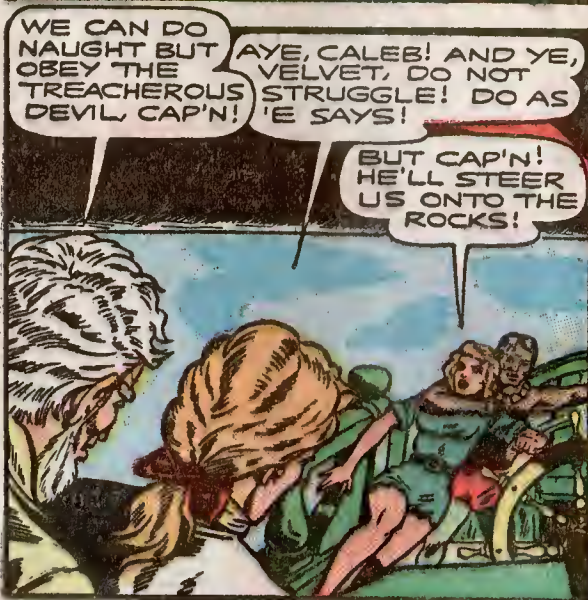
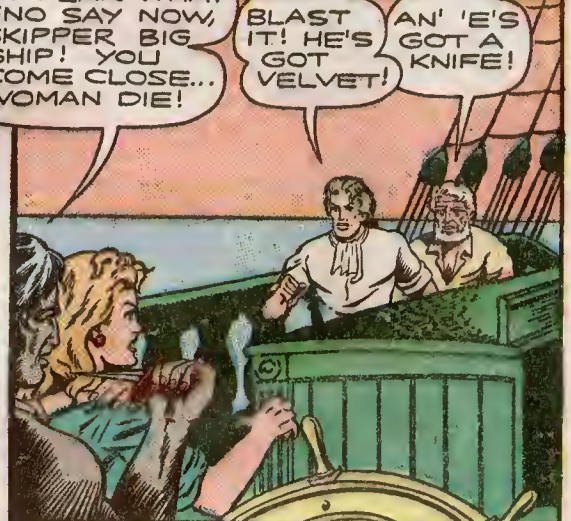
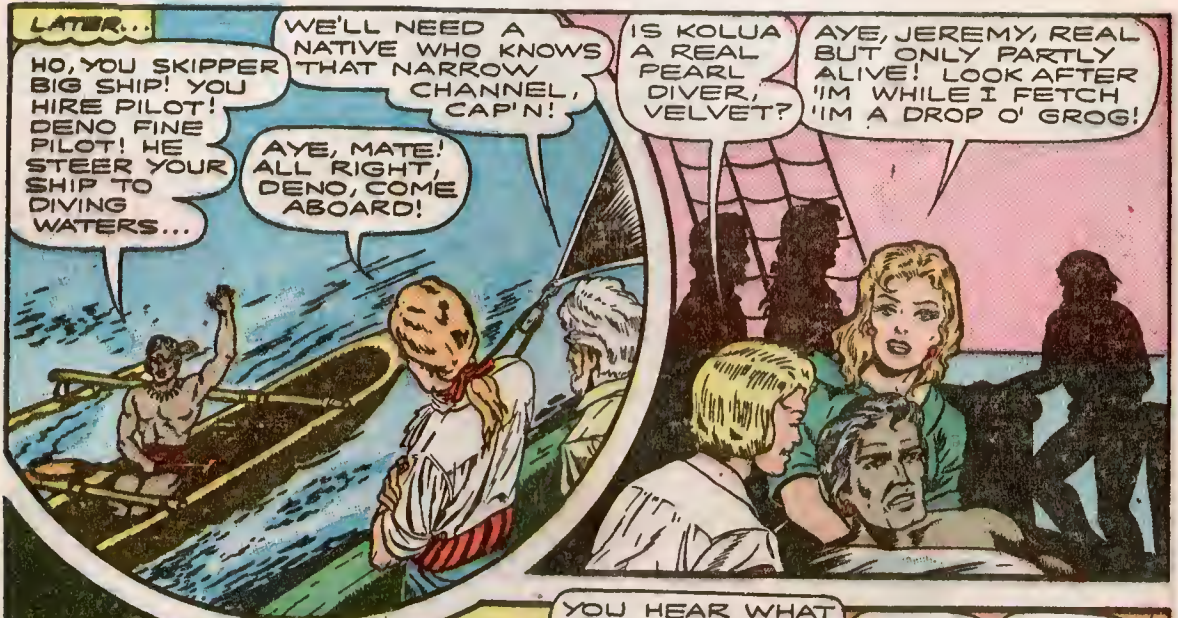
DIVER NO DIE FOR REFUSE TO PAY TRIBUTE.

ALL WILL PAY, CURSE THEM! ALL WILL PAY LINGAH FOR THIS! HEAR ME, DENO! BIG SHIP WILL WANT A PILOT TO REACH PEARL-DIVING GROUNDS... YOU WILL...



LINGAH, LOOK.







BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

AH...EE!
SHE
DEVIL!

NOW!
CAP'N!
NOW!

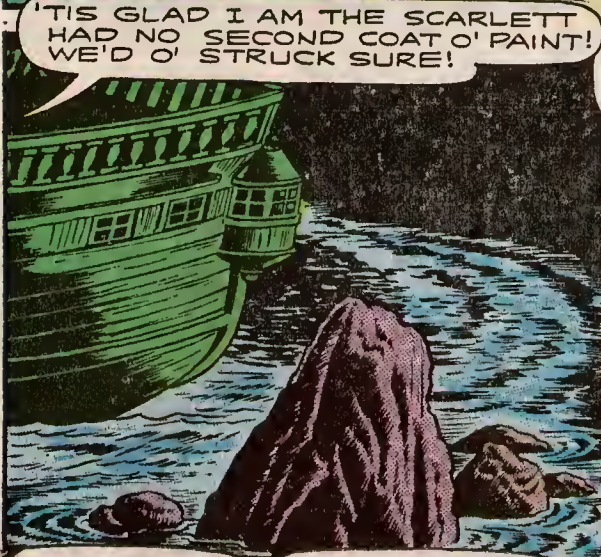


I KNOW NOT WHY YE
TRIED TO SINK MY
SHIP, BUT NOW YE'LL
PAY FOR IT!



THE HELM,
QUICKLY,
CALEB!
WE'LL BE
ON THE
ROCKS!

AYE!
HARD
OVER!

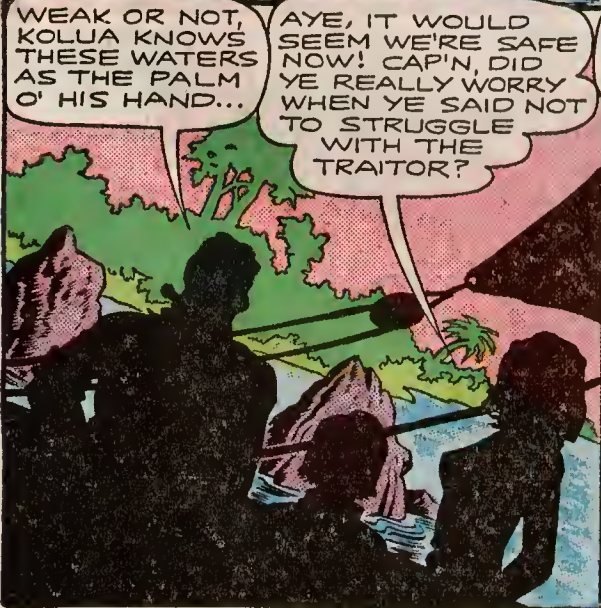


'TIS GLAD I AM THE SCARLETT
HAD NO SECOND COAT O' PAINT!
WE'D O' STRUCK SURE!



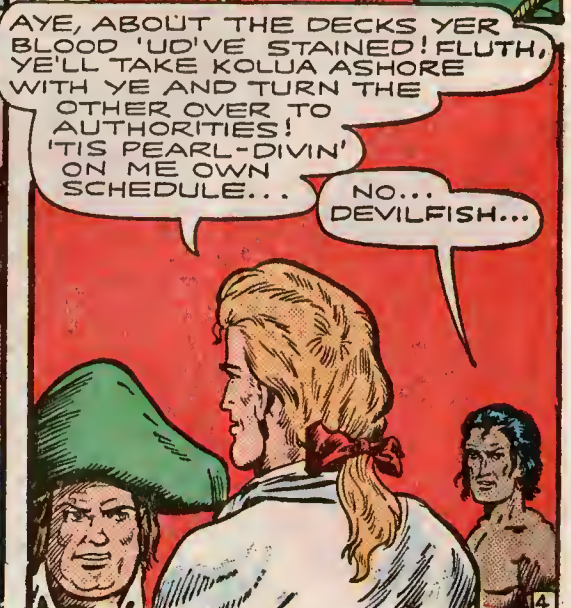
CAP'N!
KOLUA
IS ALL
RIGHT
NOW!

DENO IS SERVANT OF
LINGAH...KOLUA...
PILOT THROUGH
CHANNEL...



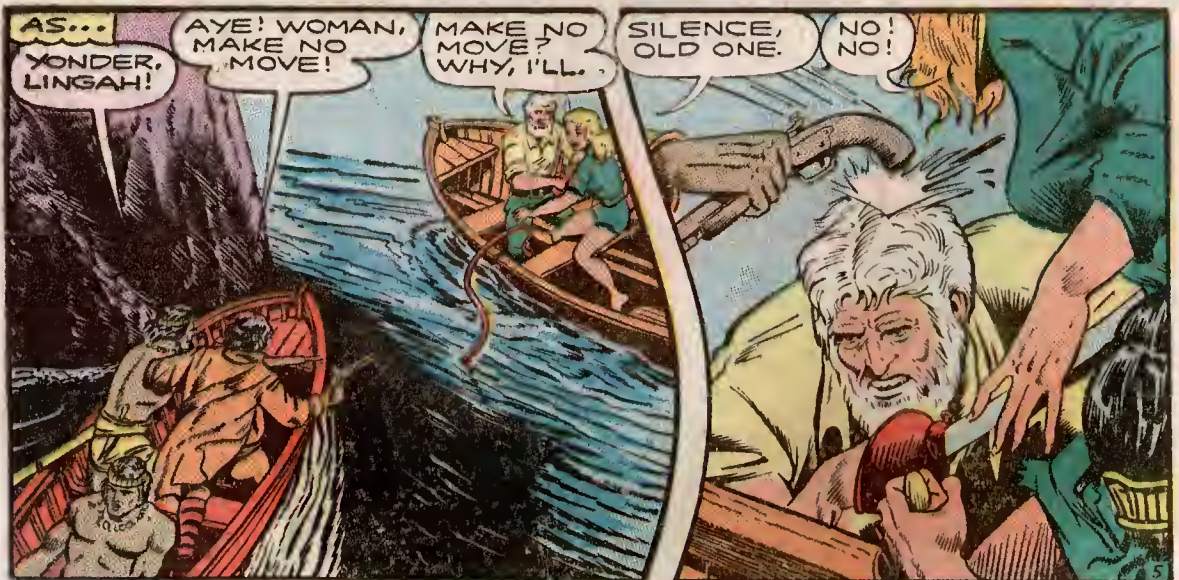
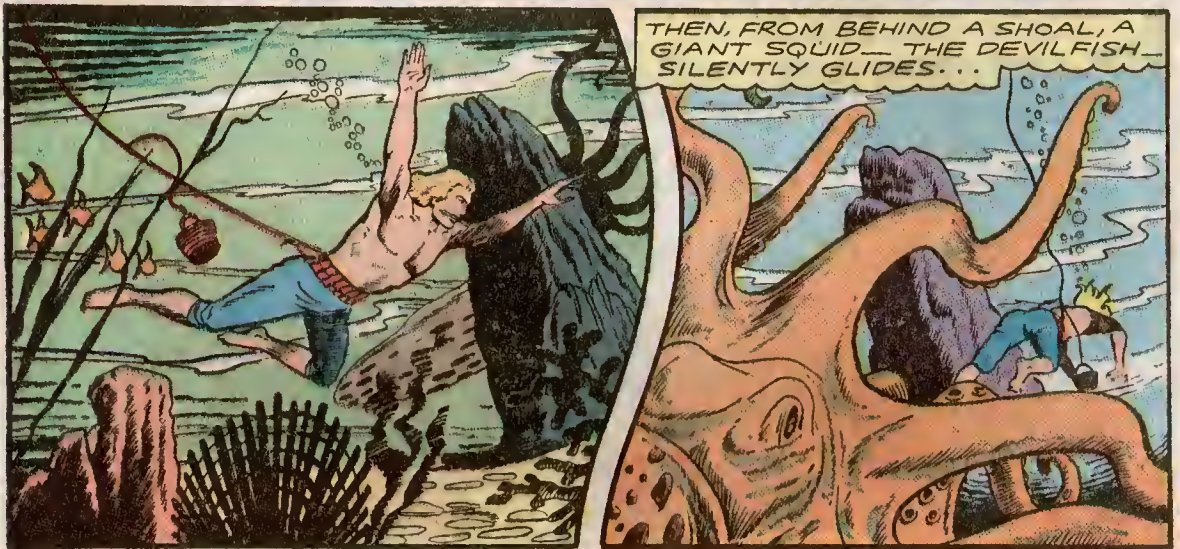
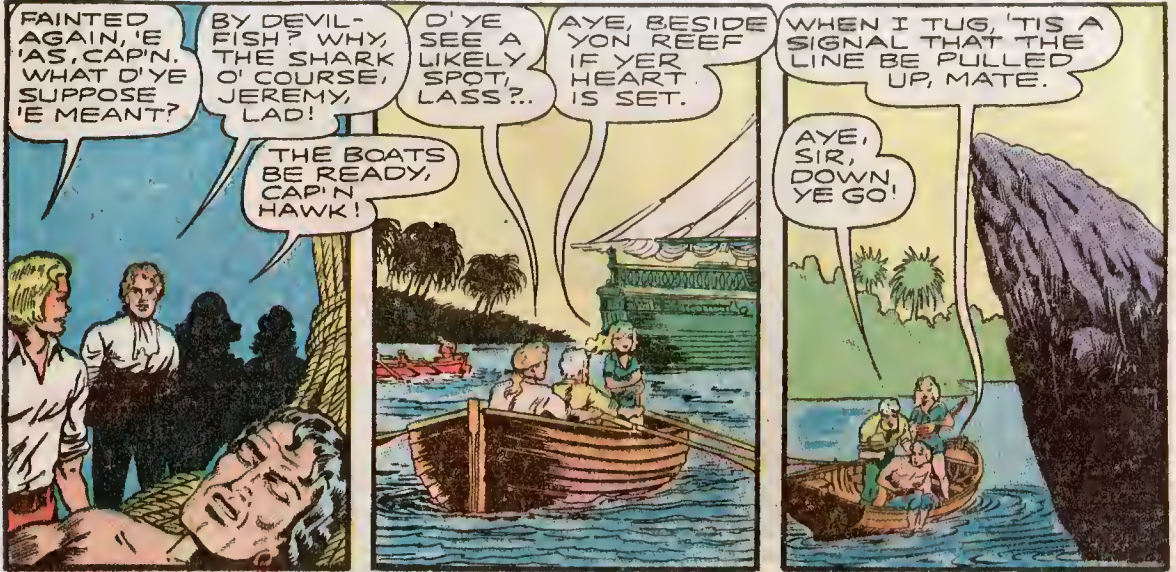
WEAK OR NOT,
KOLUA KNOWS
THESE WATERS
AS THE PALM
O' HIS HAND...

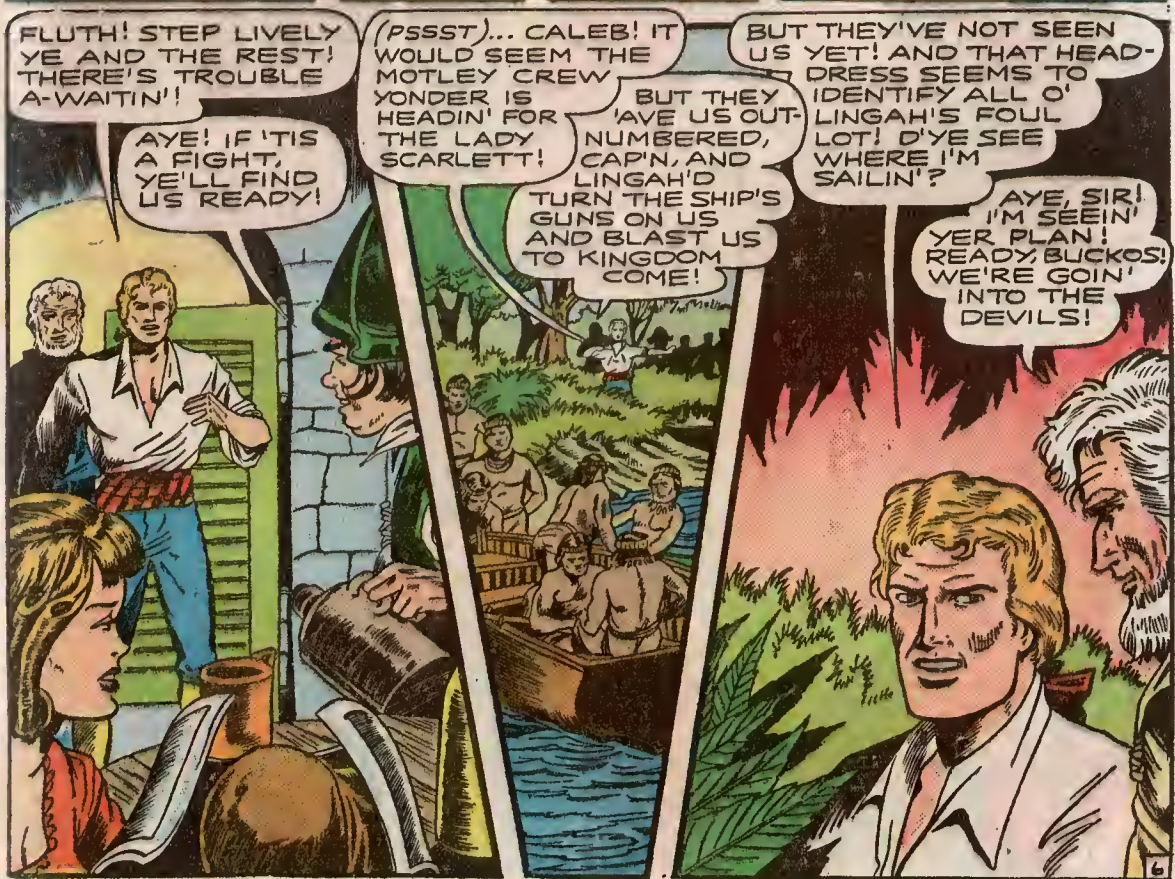
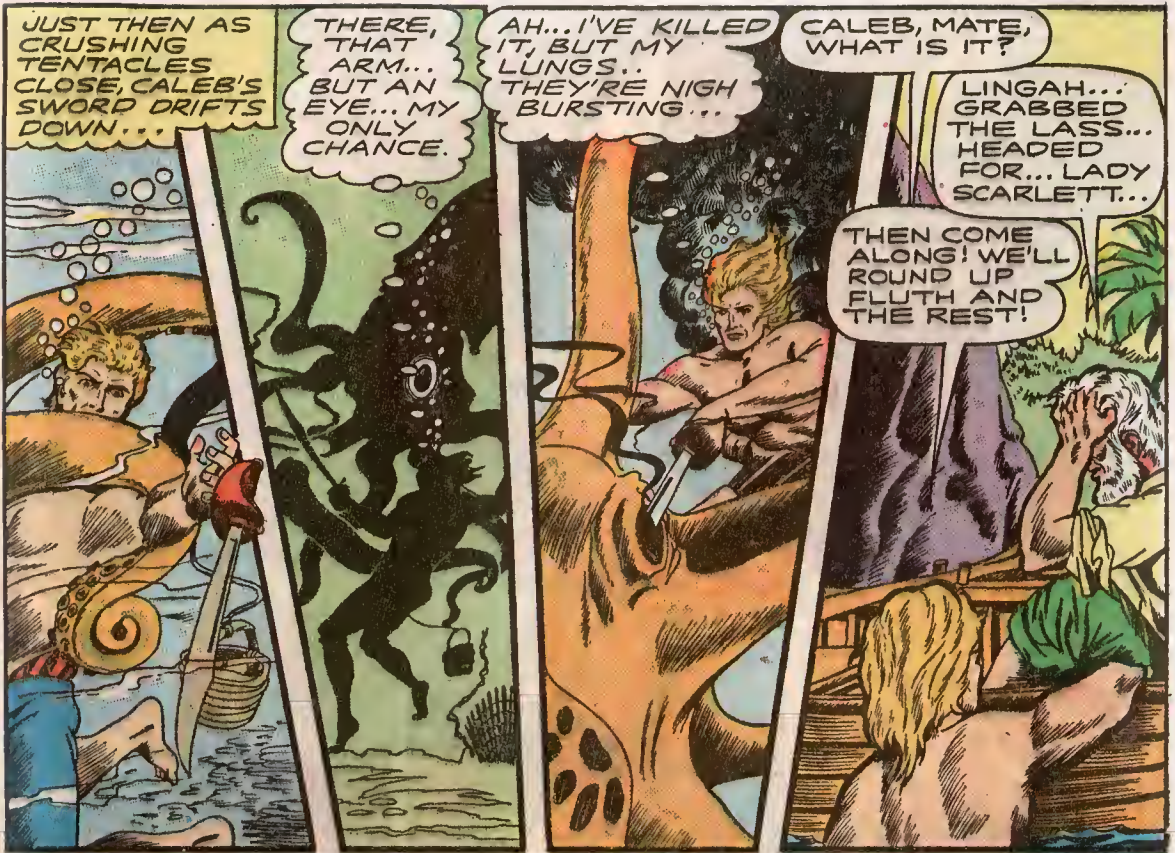
AYE, IT WOULD
SEEM WE'RE SAFE
NOW! CAP'N, DID
YE REALLY WORRY
WHEN YE SAID NOT
TO STRUGGLE
WITH THE
TRAITOR?

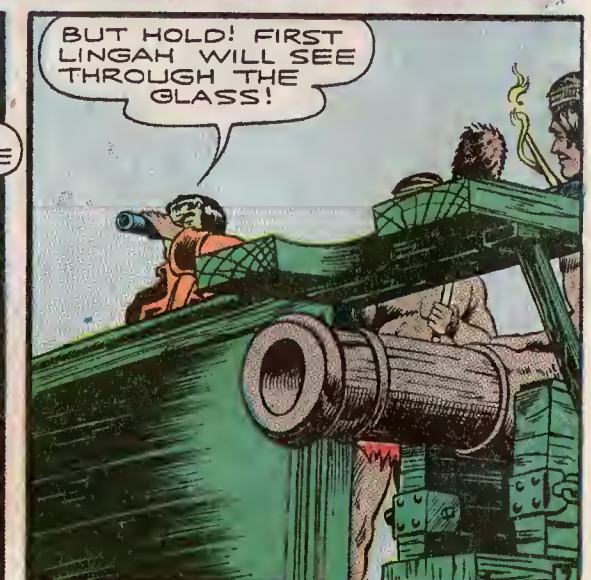
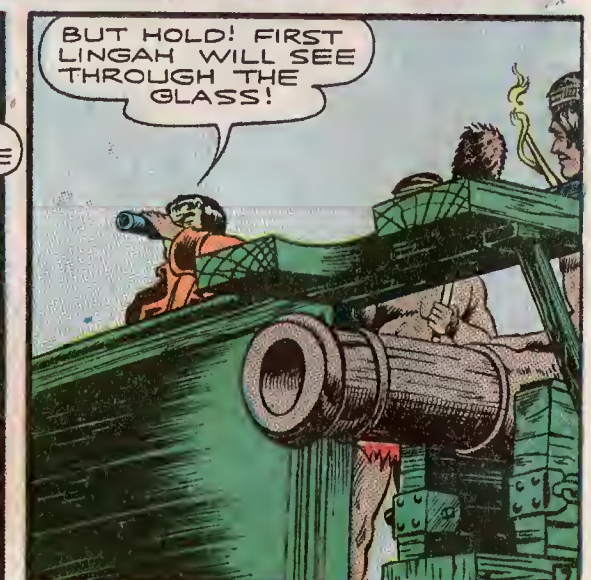


AYE, ABOUT THE DECKS YER
BLOOD 'UD'VE STAINED! FLUTH,
YE'LL TAKE KOLUA ASHORE
WITH YE AND TURN THE
OTHER OVER TO
AUTHORITIES!
'TIS PEARL-DIVIN'
ON ME OWN
SCHEDULE...

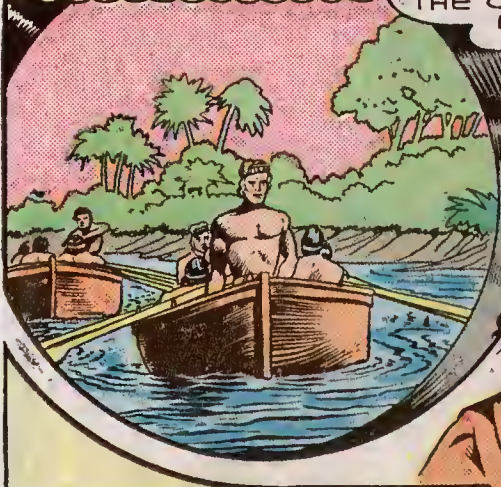
NO...
DEVILFISH...







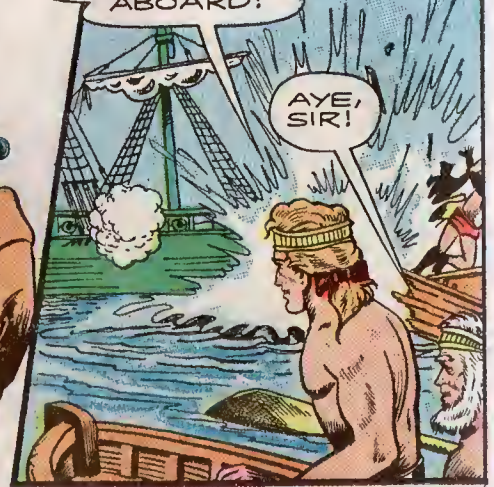
AT THAT MOMENT,
SPEEDING TOWARD
THE LADY SCARLETT...



HO! CREW OF BIG
SHIP PURSUE
LINGAH MEN!
THE CANNON...
FIRE!



OUR PLAN WORKS,
CALEB, OLD TAR!
WE'RE GOIN'
ABOARD!



AYE,
SIR!

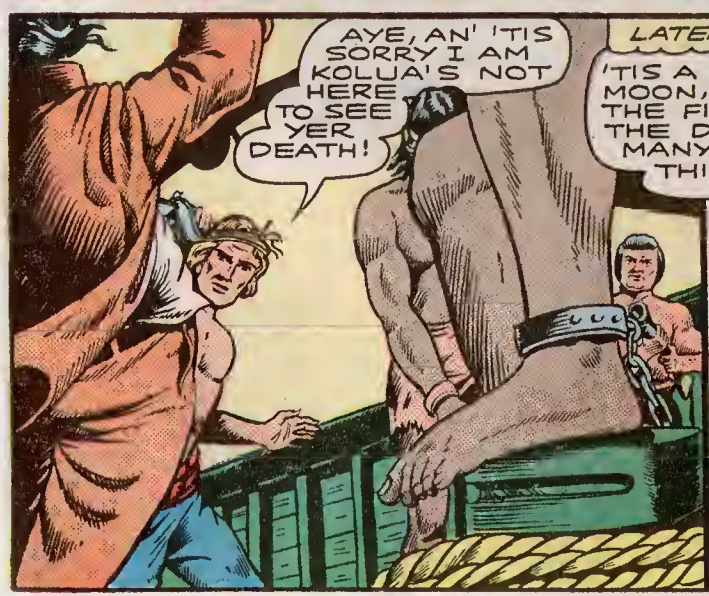
HO! NOW
LINGAH IS
MASTER
OF BIG
SHIP!

BUT NO,
LINGAH!
LOOK!

MAKE NARY
A FALSE
MOVE, YE
FILTHY
BILGE
RATS!

AN' YER DAYS
O' PREYIN' ON
TH' DIVERS
BE ENDED,
YE FAT
PIG!

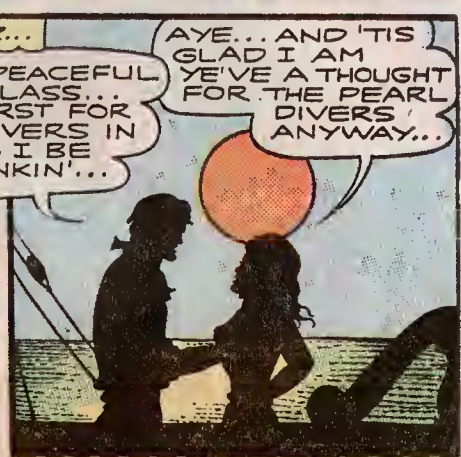
WORDS OF
WHITE ONE
RING
SURE!



AYE, AN' 'TIS
SORRY I AM
KOLUA'S NOT
HERE
TO SEE
YER
DEATH!

LATER...
'TIS A PEACEFUL
MOON, LASS...
THE FIRST FOR
THE DIVERS IN
MANY, I BE
THINKIN'...

AYE... AND 'TIS
GLAD I AM
YE'VE A THOUGHT
FOR THE PEARL
DIVERS
ANYWAY...



Adventures of THE HAWK
EVERY MONTH IN
JUMBO Comics!

SKY GIRL

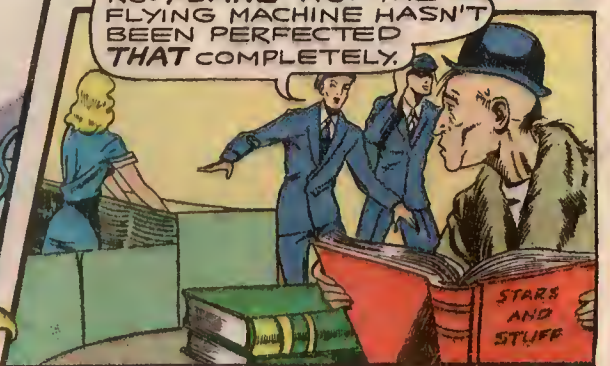
BY BILL GIBSON



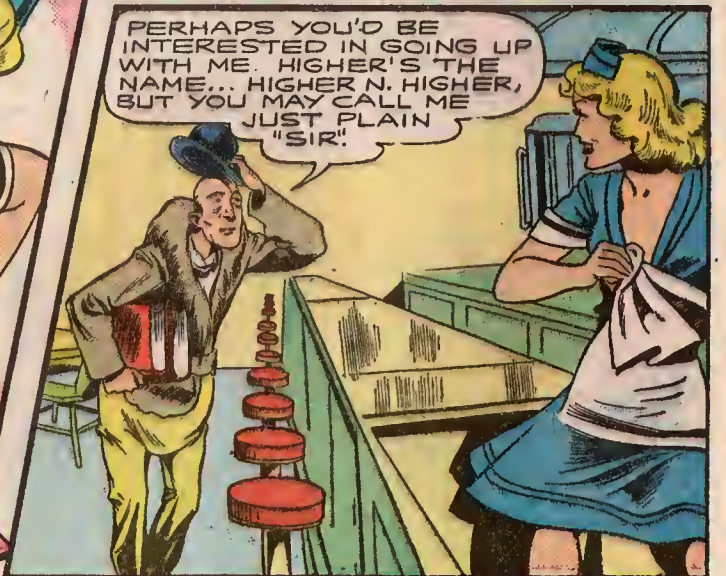
HEY, GUYS, I HAVE AN AFTERNOON FREE FROM THE SKILLET. HOW'S ABOUT TAKING ME UP TO WATCH THE CLOUDS GO BY?

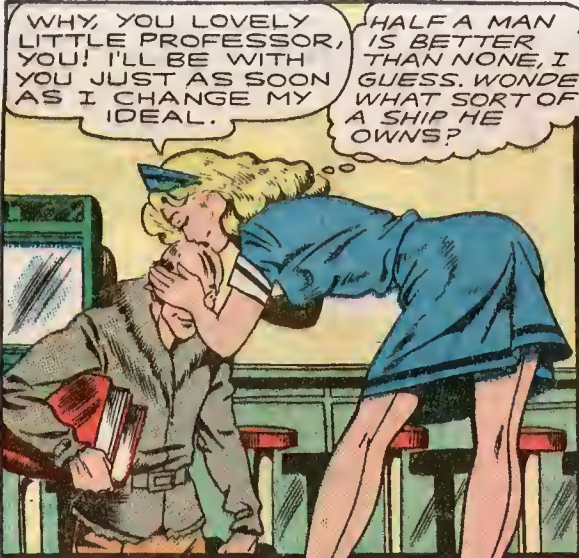


NO! PLANE NO! THE FLYING MACHINE HASN'T BEEN PERFECTED THAT COMPLETELY.



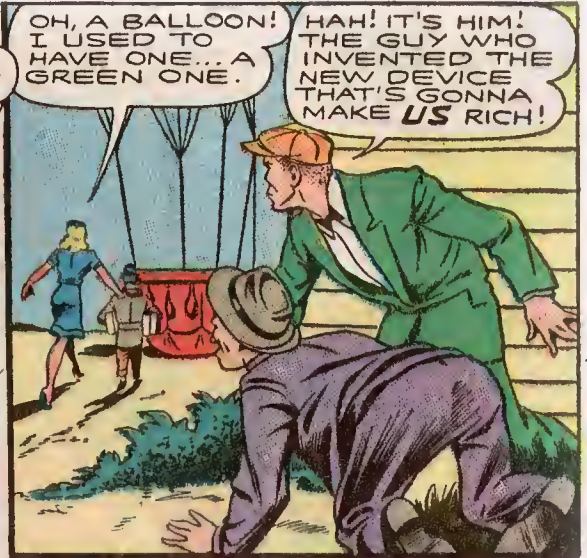
PERHAPS YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN GOING UP WITH ME. HIGHER'S THE NAME... HIGHER N. HIGHER, BUT YOU MAY CALL ME JUST PLAIN "SIR".





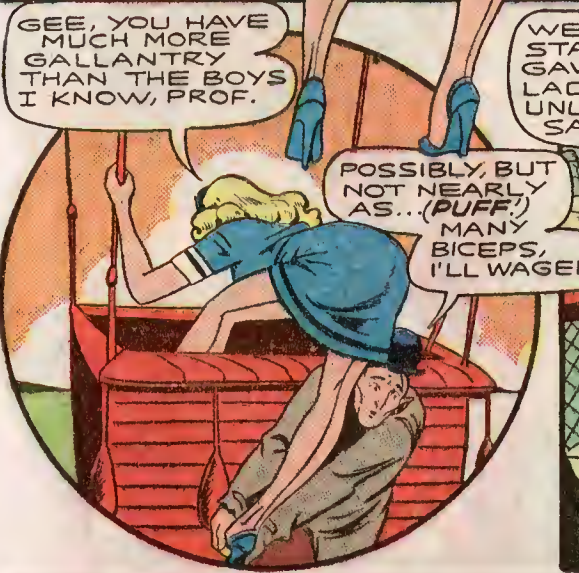
WHY, YOU LOVELY LITTLE PROFESSOR, YOU! I'LL BE WITH YOU JUST AS SOON AS I CHANGE MY IDEAL.

HALF A MAN IS BETTER THAN NONE, I GUESS. WONDER WHAT SORT OF A SHIP HE OWNS?



OH, A BALLOON! I USED TO HAVE ONE... A GREEN ONE.

HAH! IT'S HIM! THE GUY WHO INVENTED THE NEW DEVICE THAT'S GONNA MAKE **US** RICH!

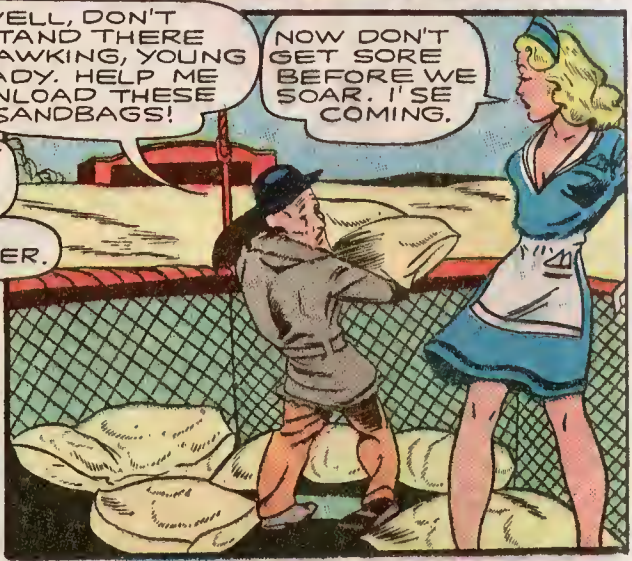


GEE, YOU HAVE MUCH MORE GALLANTRY THAN THE BOYS I KNOW, PROF.

WELL, DON'T STAND THERE GAWKING, YOUNG LADY. HELP ME UNLOAD THESE SANDBAGS!

NOW DON'T GET SORE BEFORE WE SOAR. I'VE COMING.

POSSIBLY, BUT NOT NEARLY AS... (PUFF!) MANY BICEPS, I'LL WAGER.



WHEE! I DIDN'T KNOW SAND COULD BE SO MUCH FUN WITHOUT A BATHING SUIT.



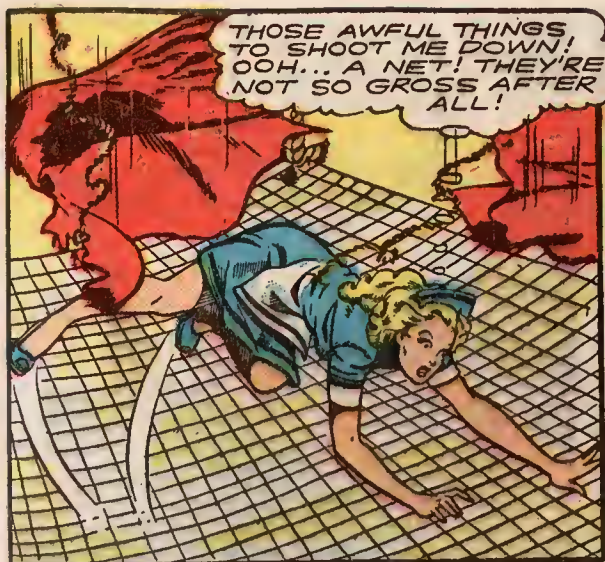
GOSH, THEY MUST HAVE PACKED A LIFEGUARD INTO THIS ONE BY MISTAKE. IT'S AWFUL HEAVY!



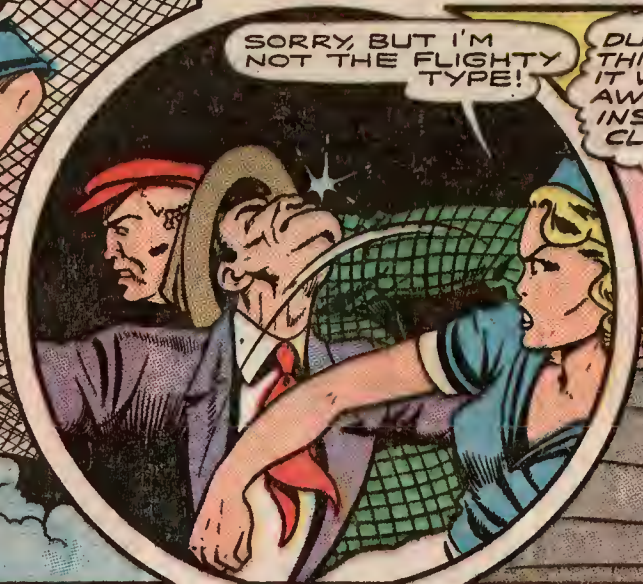
THERE, IT'S OVER! ...EEK! IT'S THE PROFESSOR! WHAT'LL I DO... OR WORSE YET, WHAT'LL THE BALLOON DO?



JUMBO COMICS

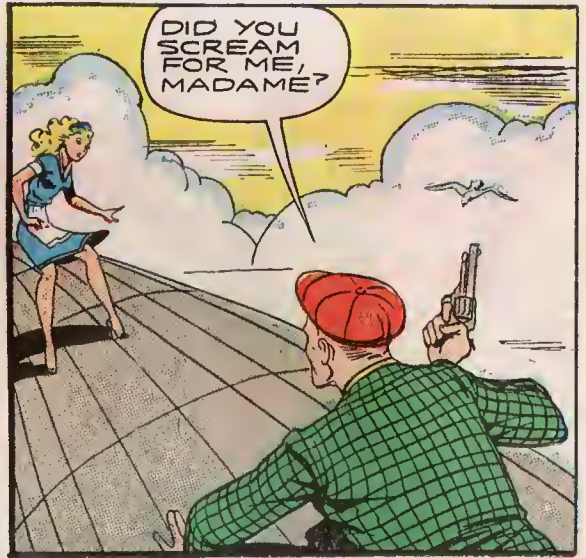


YOU'RE... YOU'RE SPIES!





AH! GAVE 'EM THE AIR! BUT I HAVE TOO MUCH LEFT OVER! HELP! HELP!



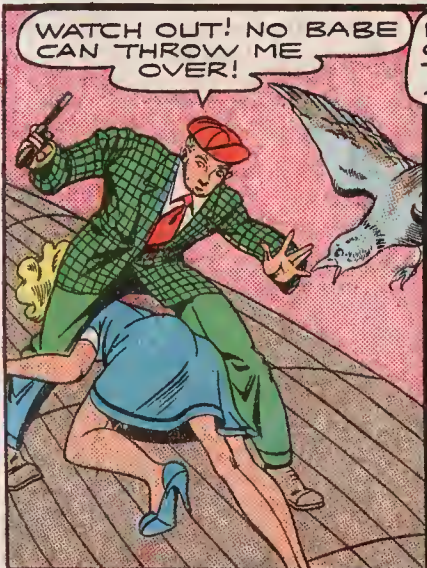
DID YOU SCREAM FOR ME, MADAME?



EEK!...THIS IS THE END... OF THE BLIMP! AND MAYBE ME!



THERE'S STILL A CHANCE! TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE... AND THE TROUSERS!



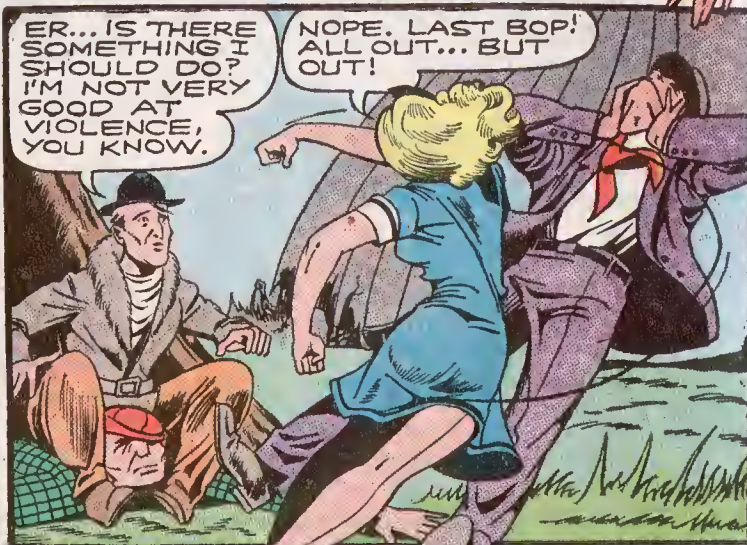
WATCH OUT! NO BABE CAN THROW ME OVER!



DON'T WORRY. OL' GINGE KNOWS HOW TO HOLD A MAN... AND A NAIL FILE!



OH, MY PUNCTURED EARDRUM! SHE'S RIPPED THE COVERING! WE'LL CRASH!



SHEENA AND THE HOWLING HORROR

By W. MORGAN THOMAS

IT was deathly quiet in the tree hut, but there was no sound of the heavy, regular breathing which usually accompanies restful slumber. Rather there was a strange, brooding quality about the silence, as though the inhabitants of the hut were waiting for something.

"Chee—chee—" It was little Chim, unable any longer to stand the gloom and the menacing quiet.

Sheena spoke sharply from a far corner of the hut. "Be still, Chim! Perhaps it will come again, and when it does we must be ready. Sheena must know what this thing is which howls so in the night!"

Now Bob spoke from his corner of the hut, where he had been listening and waiting for Sheena to break the silence.

"Yes, Chim, be quiet. How can Sheena fight this thing if . . ."

"Shhhh . . ." It was Sheena bidding them be still. The horrible sound of which they had spoken began to wail again in the jungle.

It seemed to come from a distance, gradually approaching and growing ever higher in pitch. Although Sheena's ears were as sharp as any beast which roamed the jungle she could not locate the direction from which the sound came. It grew in intensity and volume until a roaring, crying, wailing cauldron of insane sound filled the hut. Then it ceased as suddenly as it had come. And quiet descended on the jungle.

"Chee—chee—" Chim scampered across the floor of the hut and leaped into Bob's arms.

Bob wiped his brow and patted the little chimpanzee on his fuzzy head. "I don't blame you, Chim, for being frightened. That sound—like all the lost souls of eternity crying out!"

Sheena came close to them in the darkness and touched them with a comforting hand. "Do not fear," she said. "Even Sheena is baffled by this strange and terrible sound

now, but when the dawn comes Sheena goes to find its source. The jungle can not keep its secrets from Sheena."

Bob patted Chim once more. "There, you see, there is nothing to fear. Now go to sleep." And later, as Bob himself drifted off into slumber, he found himself thinking that if any person in the world could solve the mystery of the strange sound it was Sheena, Queen of the Jungle!

But before the sun was up next morning, a wizened native came out of the dense underbrush and approached the tree hut. Sheena, with Bob and Chim, was having breakfast when a voice hailed her from the foot of the giant tree which supported the hut.

"Oh mighty Sheena," called the shriveled little native. "Come and give me your counsel. A thing has howled in the night, a most terrible sound, and when the men of my tribe went forth to find this thing and slay it a thing happened which would make the stone gods weep. Come, Sheena, and aid us in our struggle with the beast of the night."

Sheena descended and spoke with the native, while Bob and Chim made ready for travel. Sheena had vowed that not another night would pass before she solved the riddle of the howling horror. But even as he worked Bob found time to listen to the conversation from below.

"Greetings, Mahibi," called Sheena. "Tell me all you know of this strange thing. Sheena will help you, as you well know or you would not have traveled so far."

"It is as I have said, mighty Sheena. There came this sound last night, as you must have heard also. The warriors of my village, ten of them, and all very brave men, went forth to seek from whence came the sound. Nothing happened until much later—when the warriors returned . . ."

Sheena was impatient. "Well, Mahibi? What then?"

The native's voice quavered and broke. "They returned, Sheena. But they could not speak! Nor could they hear! Their tongues were wrenched out by the roots, and sharp sticks thrust into their ears so that they might be deafened. Ten of our bravest warriors, Sheena!"

Bob heard the hissing intake of Sheena's breath. He knew the rage that must be coursing through her as she listened to the pitiful tale. And in a moment he heard her voice, saying: "Come, Bob. We go on a journey at once. And we shall see if this thing, whatever it is, can do to Sheena what it did to the ten men of Mahibi's village."

The sun was sinking again when they came at last to the village. Chim had been left behind at the tree hut, and Mahibi had gone ahead to warn his people of Sheena's coming and of her plans. Now, as they paused just outside the village, Sheena once more instructed Bob in what he must do. Bob listened attentively, then waved goodbye as Sheena swung into the trees and disappeared. He knew that she would not be far away, and he whistled a little tune as he trudged into the village to await the coming of the darkness. He would carry out his part of the plan—and Sheena would watch over him.

An hour later the cry came welling from the depths of the jungle. Bob, obeying Sheena's instructions, left the village where the people crouched in fear, and walked straight into the jungle. Sheena would be watching him, waiting for him to be attacked, and when that moment came . . .

Something rustled behind him. Before he could spin about he was struck heavily on the head and went down and down into a spinning, reeling black hole!

A harsh voice brought Bob back to consciousness. A tall man in a devil mask was speaking to him, and all around were other men in devil masks. They were in a clearing in the jungle, lit by a bright moon, and in the center of the clearing was something which puzzled Bob. Where had he seen that thing before? A huge drum made of a tree log, but with pierced ends through which a long cord of llani grass was drawn. A masked figure was busily engaged in rubbing a powdery

substance on the cord, and a pungent smell filled the air. Then Bob remembered!

"Resin!" As a boy in the United States, long ago, he had put resin on a string and pulled it through a pierced box. It made a frightening sound on Hallow'een night.

"Yes," sneered the tall masked man. "The gum of the jajap bush. With it we frightened everything in the jungle I mean to rule. And those we do not frighten we entice here." He held up a glittering knife. "But you will not talk—not when your tongue has been cut out."

"Sheena will punish you," gasped Bob. "You will not escape . . ."

The masked man gestured toward a shadowy part of the clearing. Bob saw what he had overlooked before—something he had never expected to see. Sheena was bound hand and foot, lying helpless on the ground.

The masked man motioned again. "Pull the cord through the drum. It will drown out his screams!" The knife glittered closer as men tugged at the cord and a weird, howling sound filled the jungle. Higher and higher the sound climbed, until Bob's teeth were on edge and agonizing shivers crawled along his spine. And now the knife was probing for his tongue, a knife wielded by an inhuman devilthing in the grotesque mask. Closer—closer. . .

A scream of triumph rang through the clearing. Bob, incredulous, saw Sheena cast aside her bonds and spring for the tall man. A knife glinted, then was stained red, and the tall man crumpled to the ground. Sheena stood over the dying man and shouted her defiance, but with the death of their leader the other devil masks went running into the jungle. Once more Sheena had conquered!

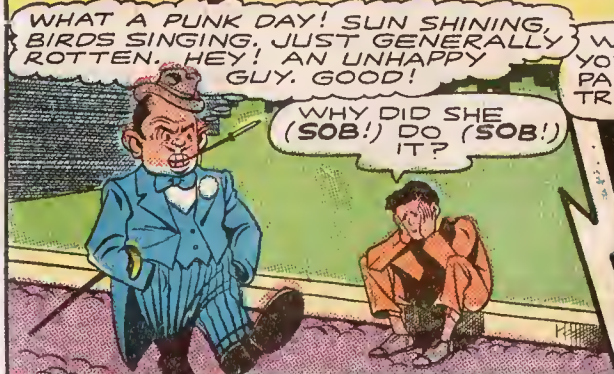
Back in the village Sheena explained. "It was the renegade, Unnggi, who sought to rule my jungle by fear. And he almost vanquished Sheena this time—I was careless and fell into a trap."

"But how did you escape, Sheena?"

Sheena smiled. "When the devil sound started it set up a shivering in the cords which bound me. You call them vibrations, Bob. My bonds fell away—and they had forgotten to take my knife." She smiled again. "Truly it is not wise to be overconfident in the jungle—as even Sheena knows."

Hateful HERMAN

BY HAPPY LARKE

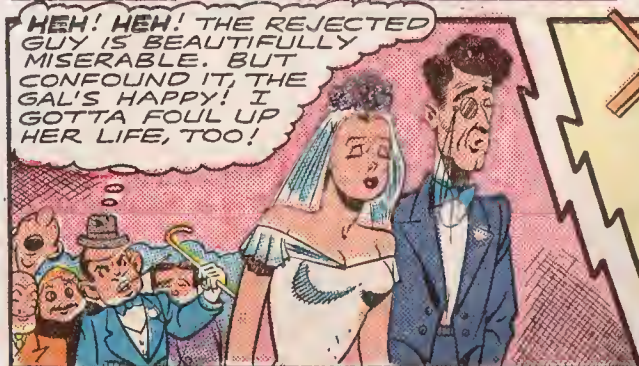


WHAT A PUNK DAY! SUN SHINING, BIRDS SINGING, JUST GENERALLY ROTTEN. HEY! AN UNHAPPY GUY. GOOD!

WHY DID SHE (SOB!) DO (SOB!) IT?

WHAT'S YOUR BEEF, PAL? NOTHING TRIVIAL, I HOPE.

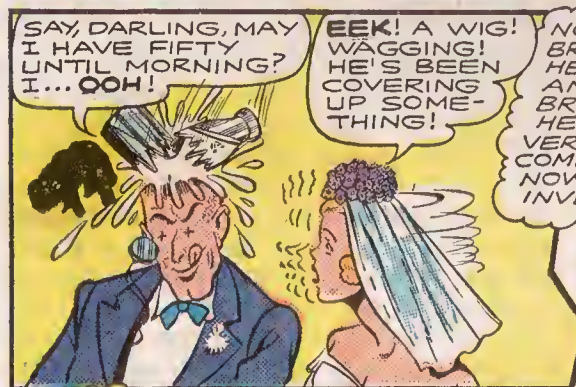
IT'S (SOB!) AWFUL. MY GAL GAVE ME THE (SOB!) OZONE FOR A DUKE. THEY'RE (SOB!) REHEARSING THE (SOB!) WEDDING NOW.



HEH! HEH! THE REJECTED GUY IS BEAUTIFULLY MISERABLE. BUT CONFOUND IT, THE GAL'S HAPPY! I GOTTA FOUL UP HER LIFE, TOO!



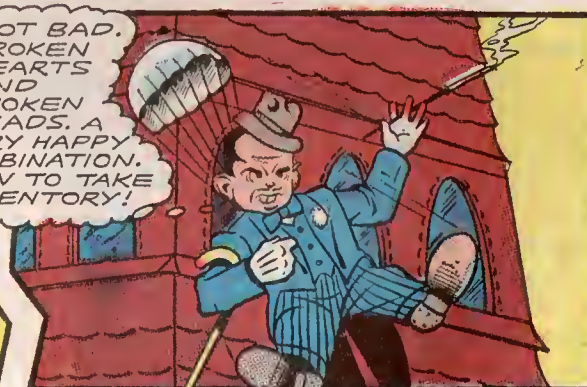
HA! THE BRIDE'LL WEAR WHITE AND A HARRIED EXPRESSION WHEN I BOOM THE GROOM! HEH! HEH!



SAY, DARLING, MAY I HAVE FIFTY UNTIL MORNING? I... OOH!

EEK! A WIG! WAGGING! HE'S BEEN COVERING UP SOMETHING!

NOT BAD. BROKEN HEARTS AND BROKEN HEADS. A VERY HAPPY COMBINATION. NOW TO TAKE INVENTORY!



BUT...

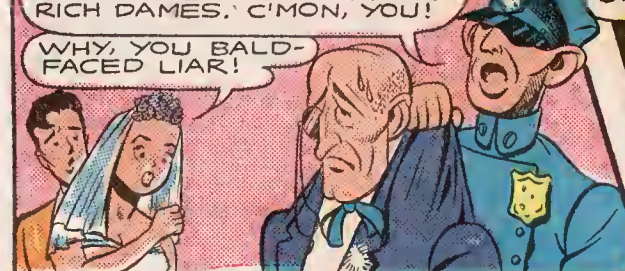
LADY, YER LUCKY. THIS IS ERSATZ EUGENE, ALIAS FICKLE FREDDIE. HE'S A ROGUE BY ANY OTHER NAME. MAKES A LIVING MARRYING RICH DAMES. C'MON, YOU!

WHY, YOU BALD-FACED LIAR!

DARLING, FORGIVE ME. I'LL NEVER LET YOU GO... EVER!

NOT EVEN TO THE MOVIES?

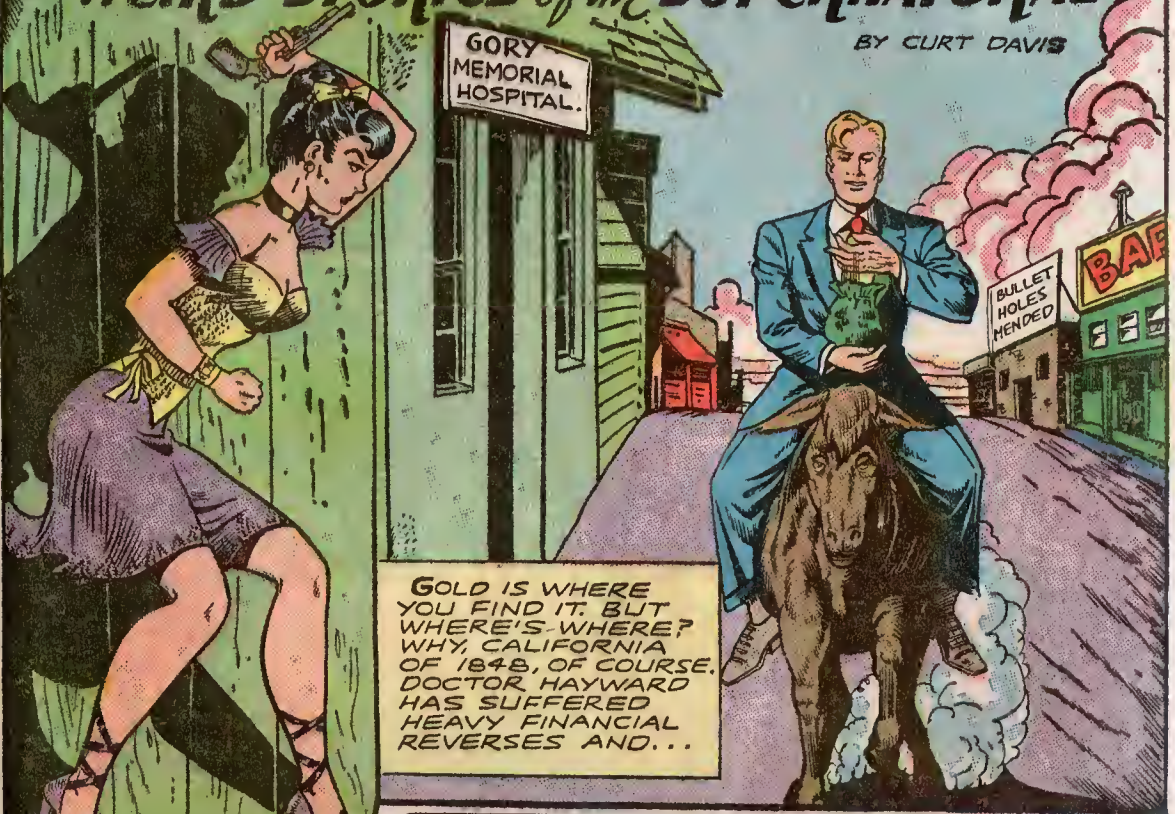
NERTS! A HAPPY BLENDING! GRR! I'M UNHAPPY!



Hateful HERMAN HATES IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comics!

Stuart **TAYLOR** in WEIRD STORIES of the SUPERNATURAL

BY CURT DAVIS



GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT. BUT WHERE'S WHERE? WHY, CALIFORNIA OF 1848, OF COURSE. DOCTOR HAYWARD HAS SUFFERED HEAVY FINANCIAL REVERSES AND...

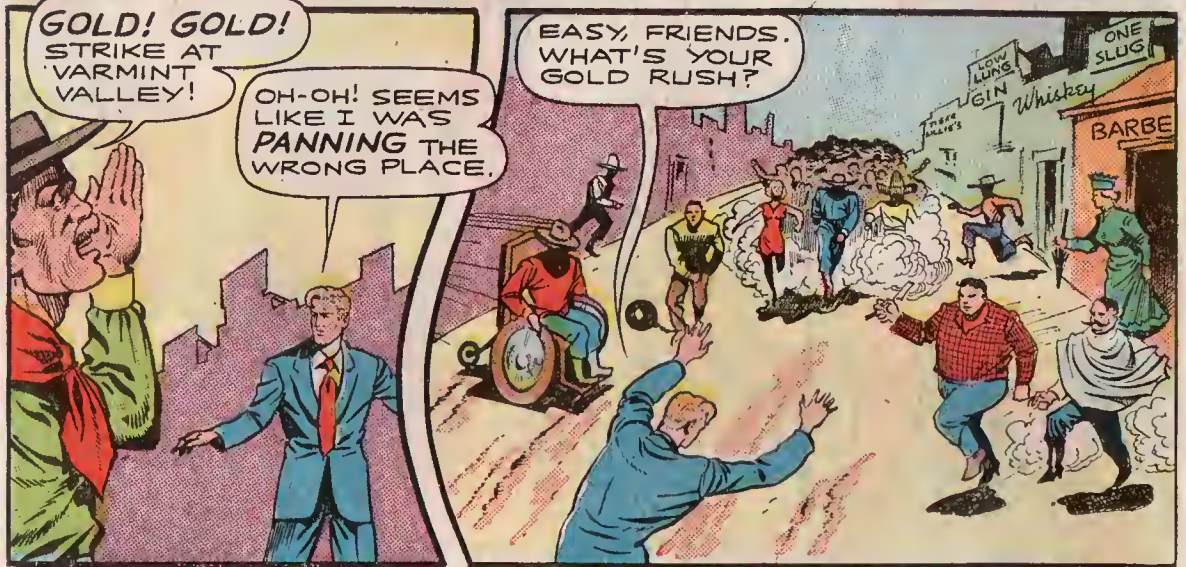
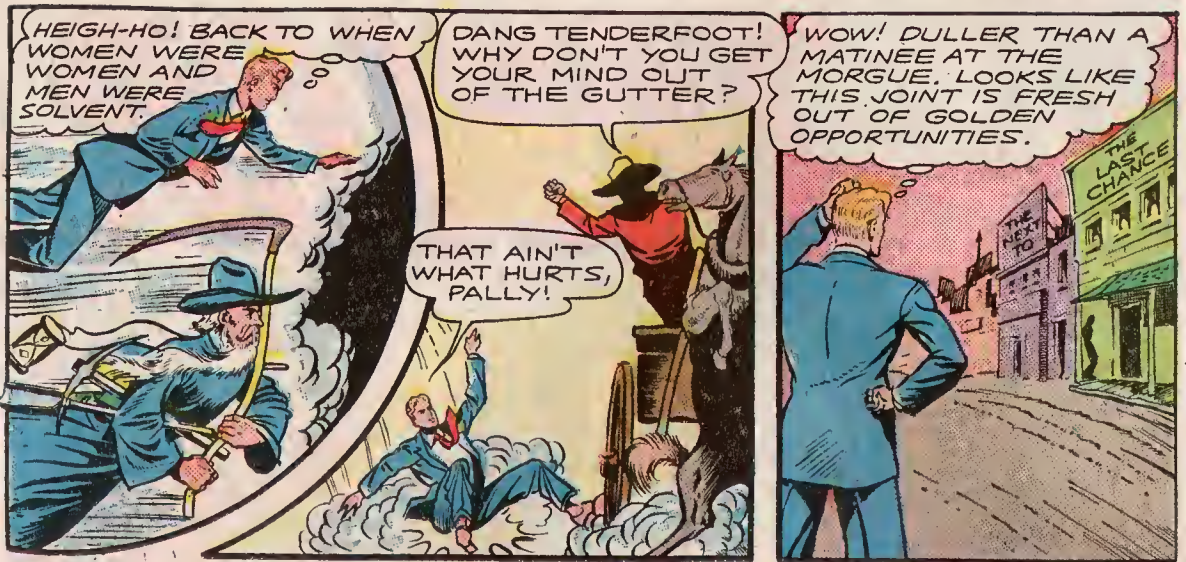
CONFOUND IT! WHAT AN AWKWARD TIME TO RUN OUT OF FUNDS. I GUESS THIS MEANS I'LL HAVE TO ABANDON MY EXPERIMENTS.

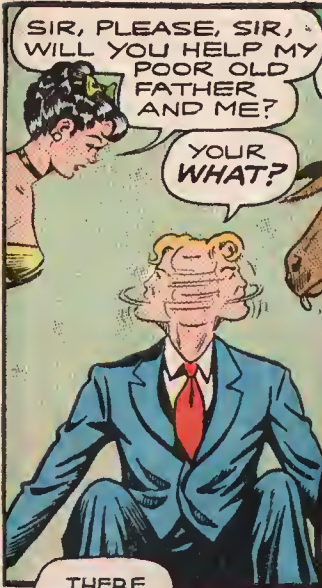
HECK, NO, DOC. LOOK. THERE'S GOLD IN THEM THAR PARAGRAPHS. I'VE JUST BEEN READING ABOUT THE CALIFORNIA RUSH. WHY NOT ZIP ME BACK THERE? MAYBE I'LL FIND GOLD!

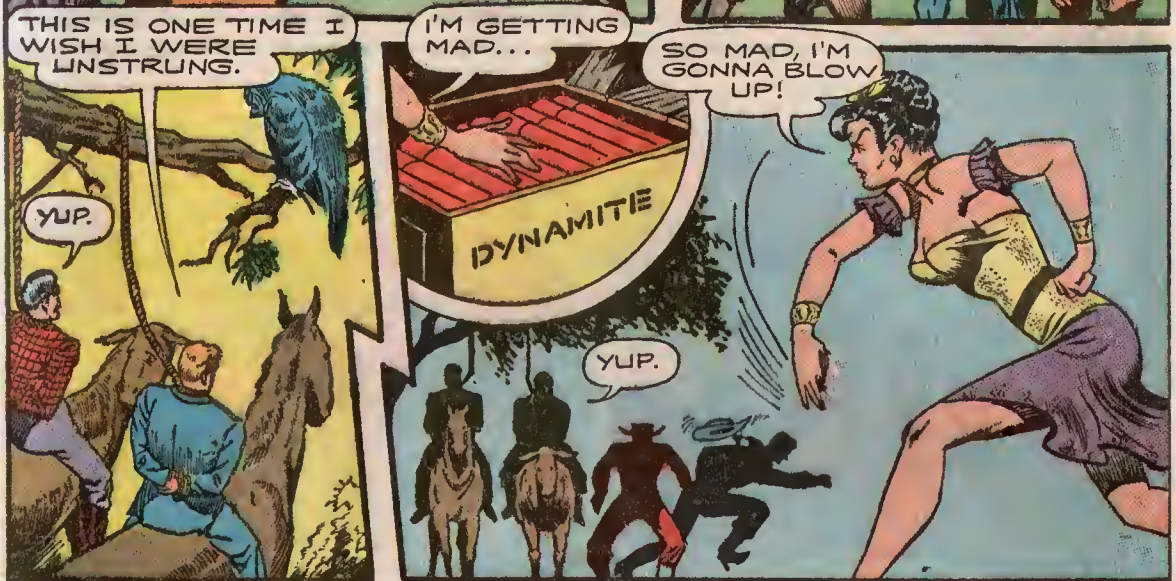
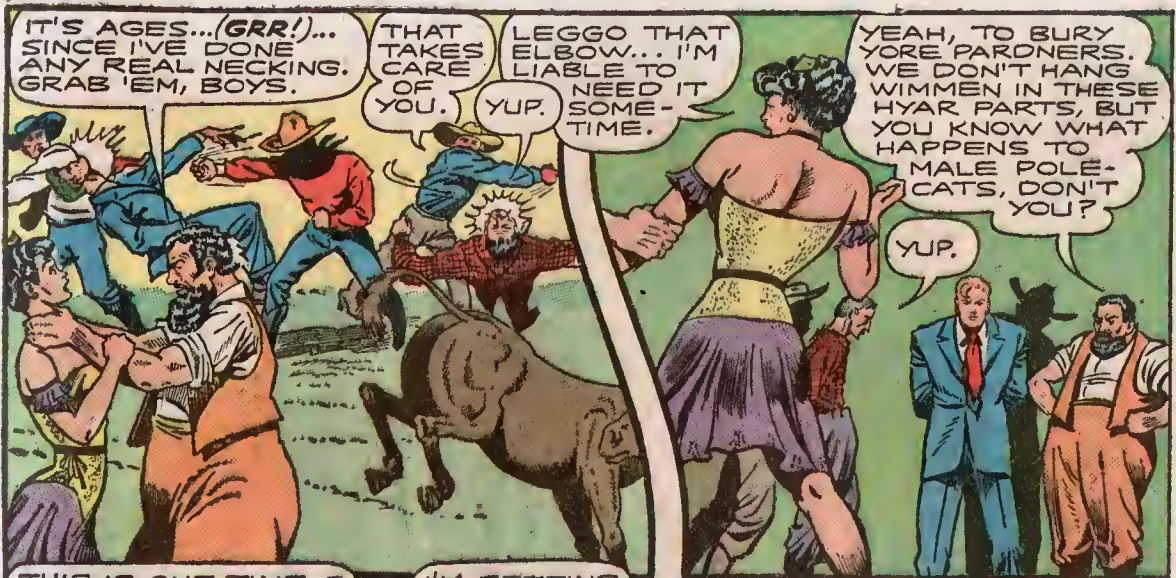
YOU'D BETTER MAKE CERTAIN IT'S ORE... NOT TRESSSES!

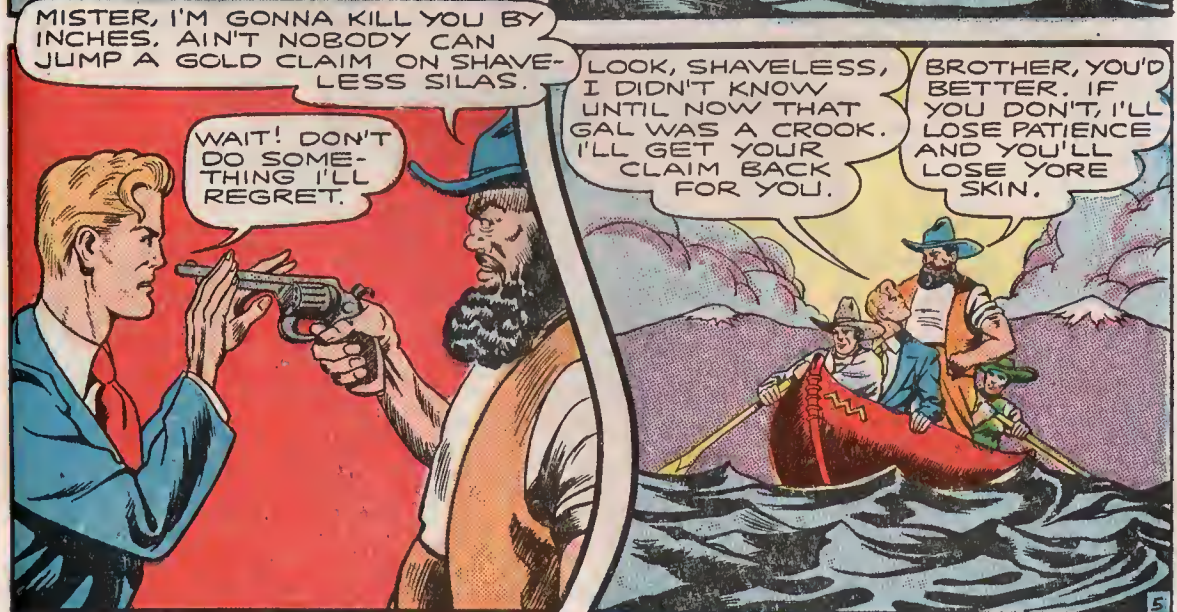
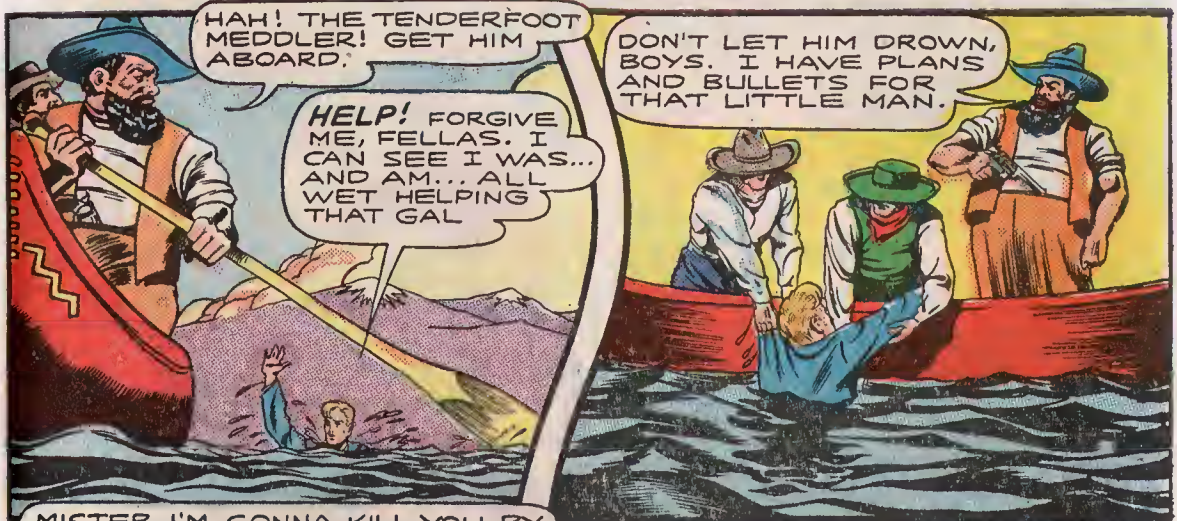
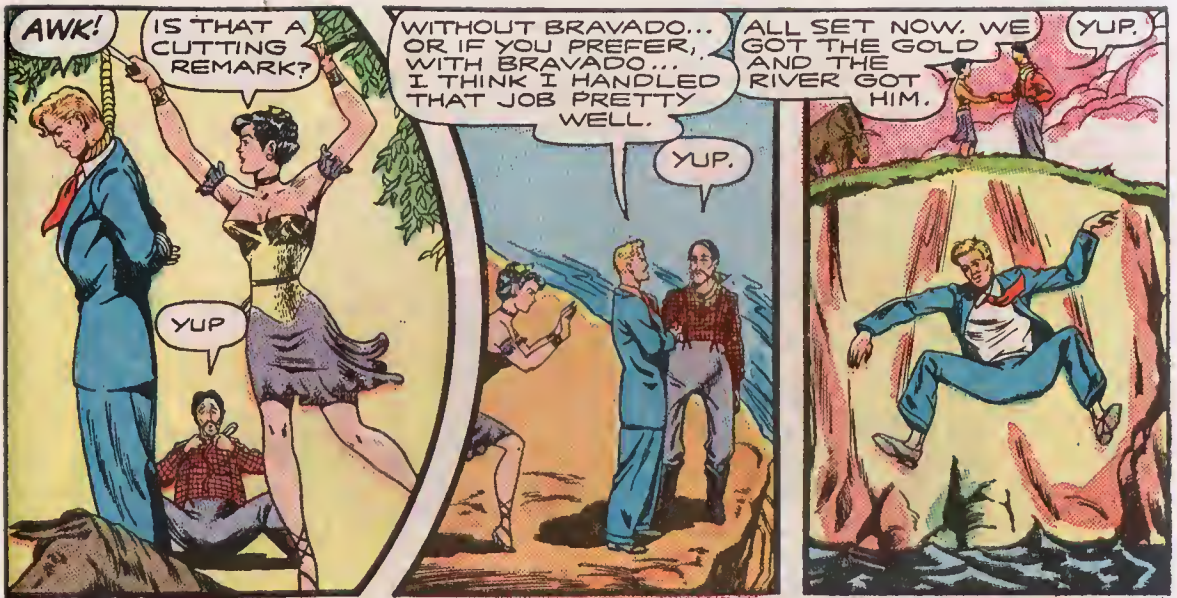
TIME MACHINE'S ALL SET, STU!

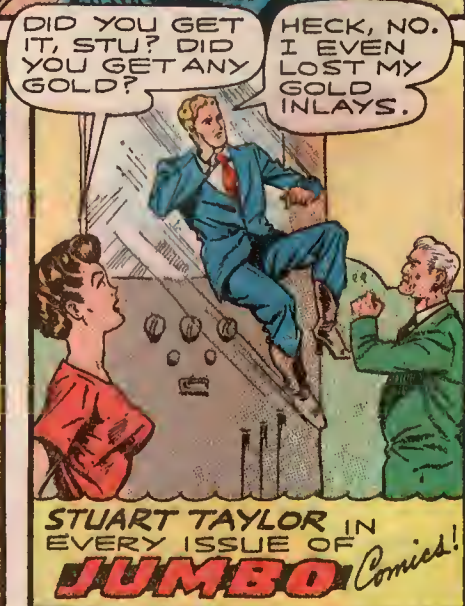
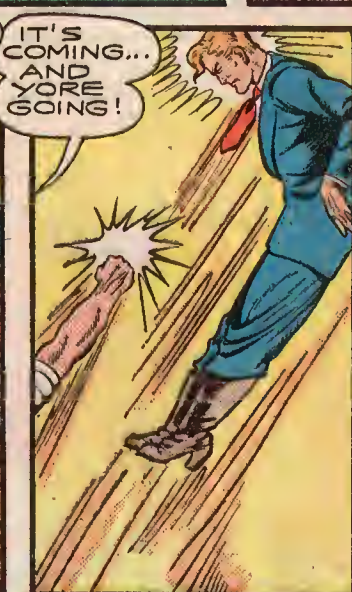
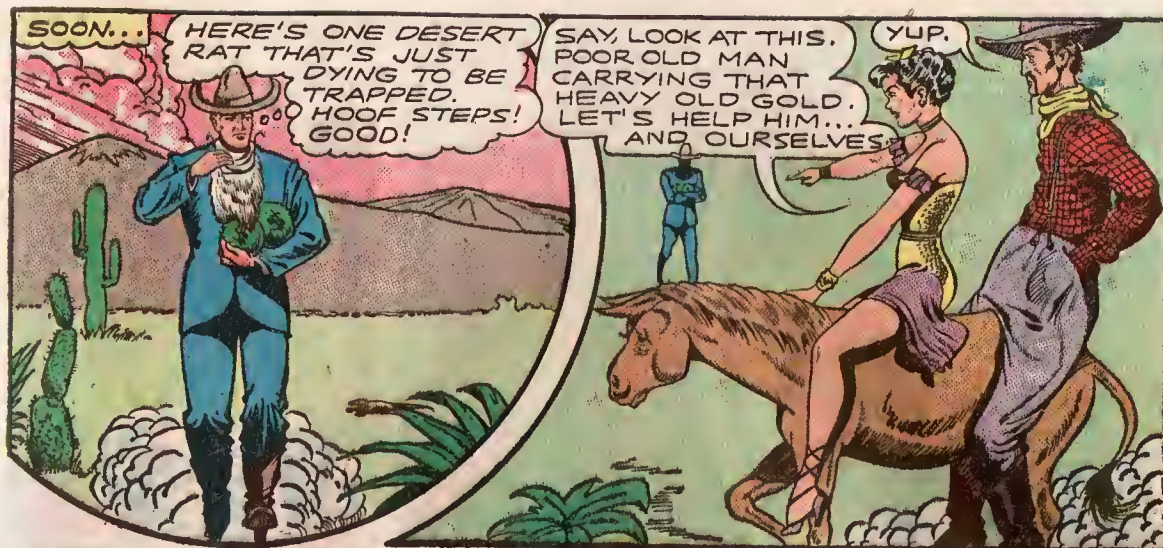












THE GHOST GALLERY

BY DREW MURDOCH



Mrs. Maggie Marlow cordially invites you to attend the wedding of her niece Nancy, to James Wilson.

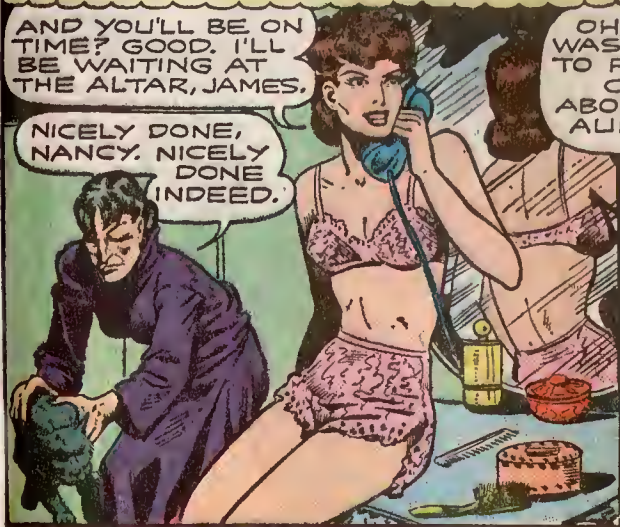
SO READ THE INVITATIONS. AND AT THE BRIDE'S HOME, GAIETY REIGNED... BUT IT WAS A STRANGE, UNNATURAL HAPPINESS...

AND YOU'LL BE ON TIME? GOOD. I'LL BE WAITING AT THE ALTAR, JAMES.

NICELY DONE, NANCY. NICELY DONE INDEED.

OH, THERE WAS NOTHING TO FEAR. HE'S CRAZY ABOUT ME, AUNTIE.

YES, NAN, I KNOW... BUT I WANTED TO MAKE SURE.





AFTER ALL, HE'S RICH, NAN, AND WE WANT HIS MONEY, DON'T WE? SO HE WON'T ESCAPE US. YOU'RE TOO CLEVER FOR HIM, DEARIE.



IT'S THE FOURTH TIME YOU'VE WORN THIS DRESS, NAN... BUT IT WON'T BE THE LAST, WILL IT? WHY... WHAT'S THAT?



LOOK, AUNTIE, THE OTHERS!



YES, YOUR HUSBANDS... THE ONES YOU KILLED!



BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KILL JAMES... WE WON'T LET YOU!

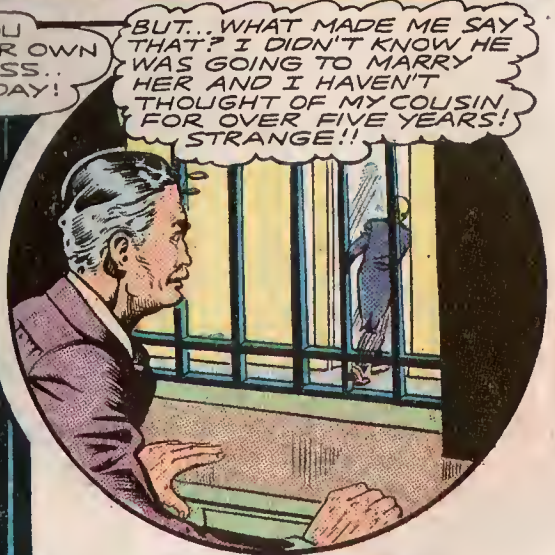
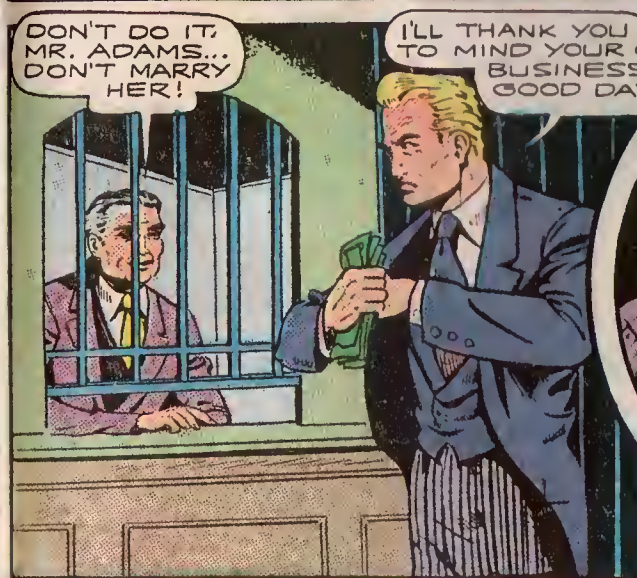
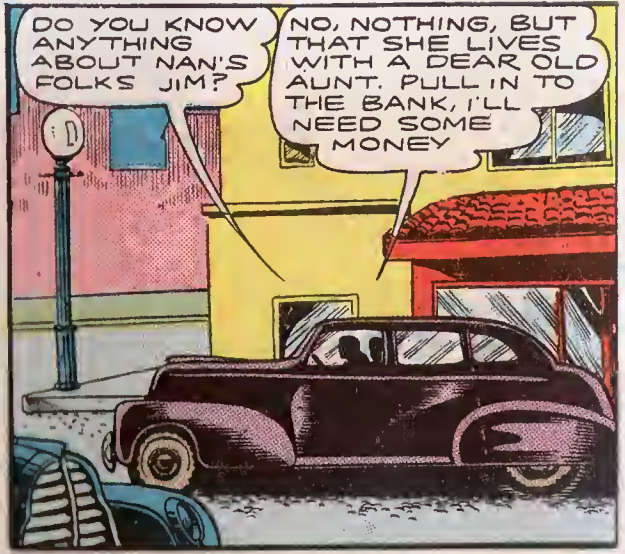
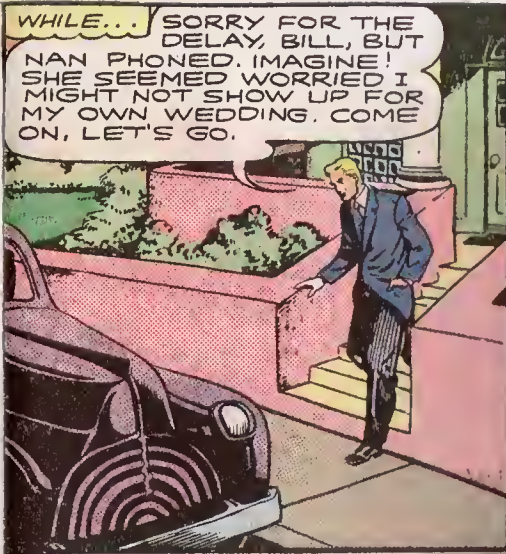


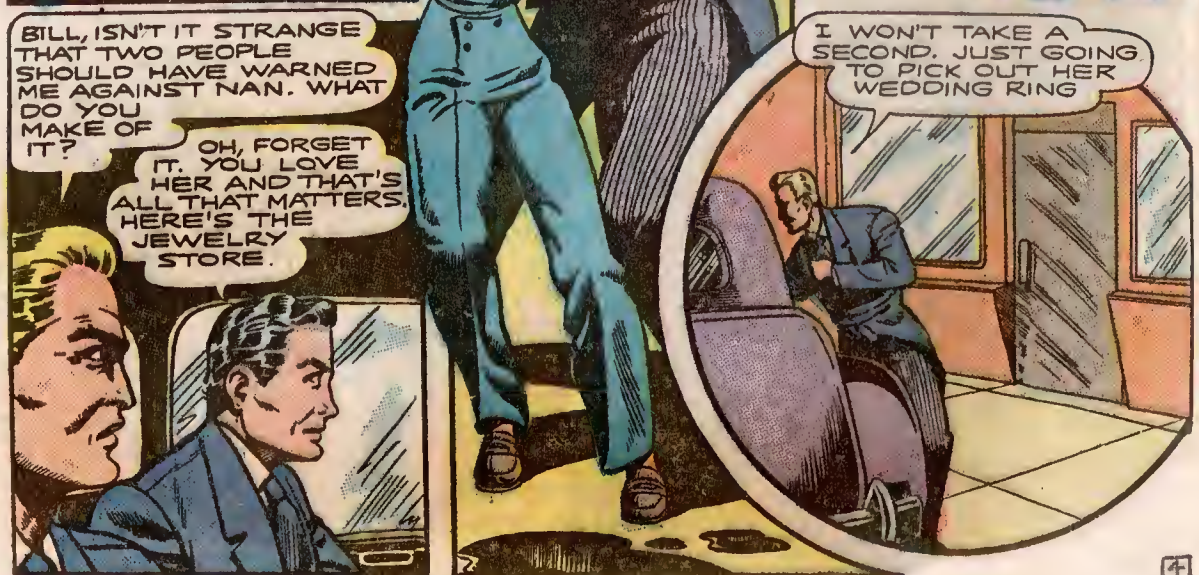
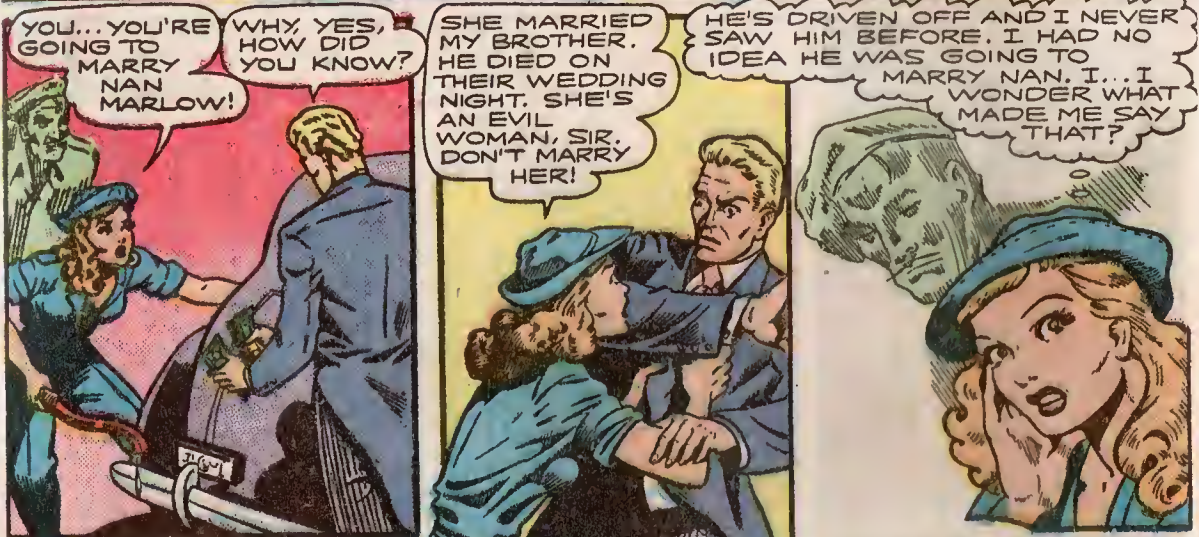
THEY CAN'T STOP US, NAN. THEY CAN'T HURT US. I'LL FIX THEM!

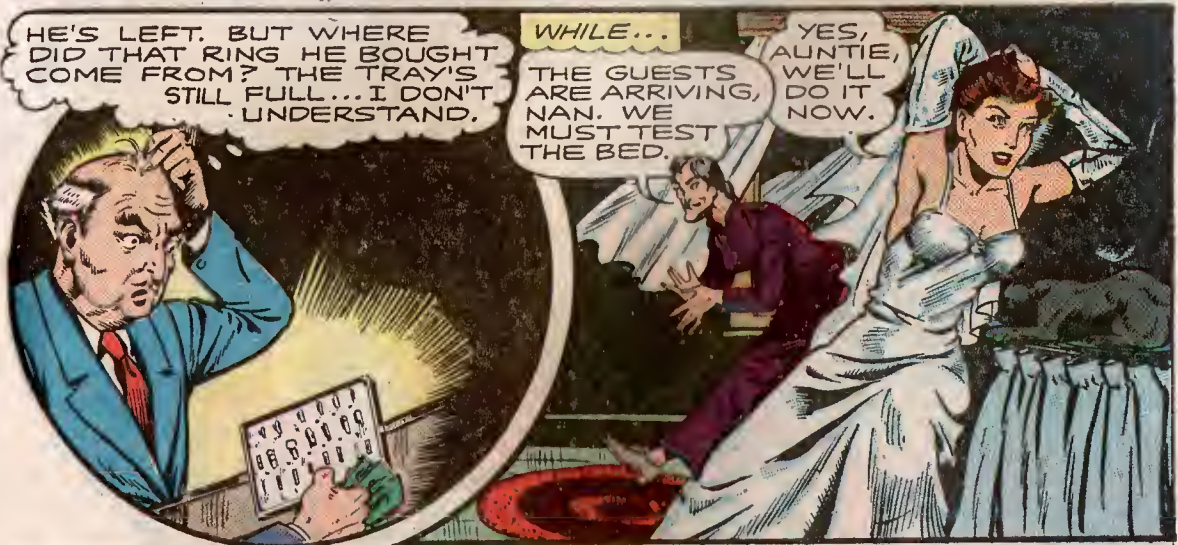
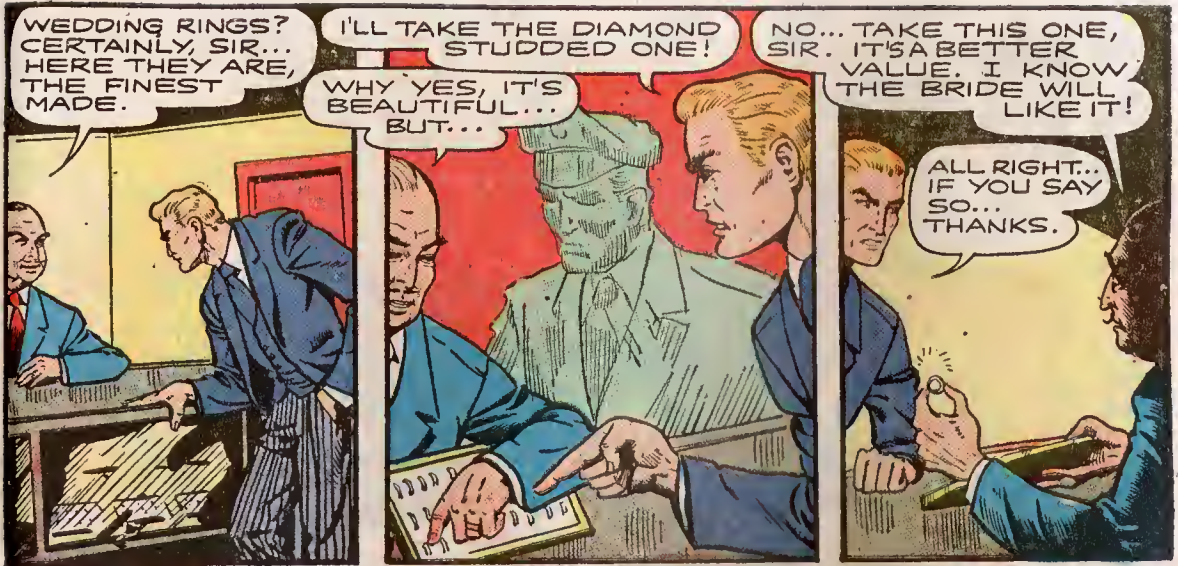


THERE... THERE... GET AWAY... YOU'RE DEAD... BACK TO YOUR GRAVES, SHADES!

JUMBO COMICS







MEANWHILE, DOWNSTAIRS...

POOR NAN, I DO
HOPE SHE HAS
BETTER LUCK
WITH THIS
MARRIAGE.

YES, JUST
IMAGINE
LOSING THREE
HUSBANDS IN
A ROW. BUT
ISN'T IT TIME
FOR THE
GROOM?

HERE HE COMES.
NOW WITH HIS
BEST MAN.

WHY, HOW DO YOU DO,
MISS STEWART?

WELL, JIM, YOU CAN
SAY GOODBYE TO
YOUR BACHELOR
DAYS.

LOOK AT
THE MOB
OF GUESTS.

I SEE YOU BROUGHT THE GROOM HERE SAFELY. WHY, BILL, YOU'RE STARING AT ME.

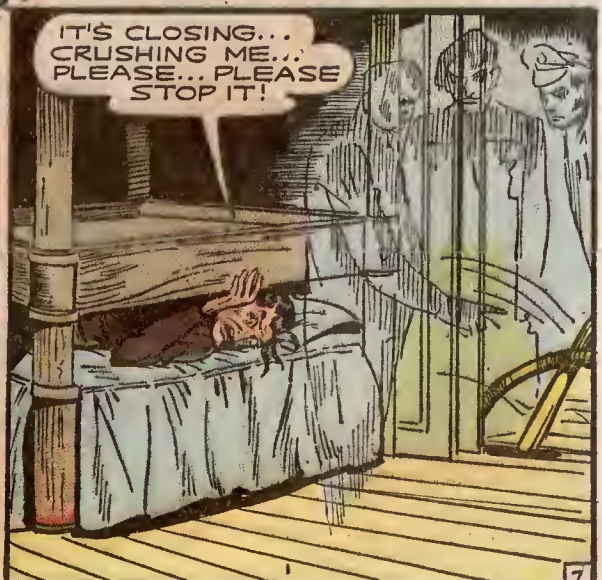
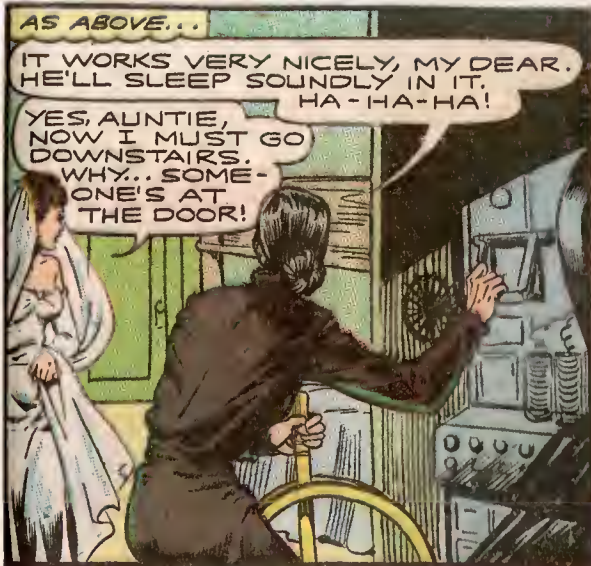
BUT... BUT...
YOU... YOU
LOOK SO
STRANGE!

YOU'RE ALL SKELETONS... YOU'RE ALL DEAD... IS THIS A JOKE? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

STEADY, JIM, YOU'RE
JUST IMAGINING
THINGS.

NO, NO,
I TELL YOU...
THEY'RE REAL.
I MUST SEE
NAN!

NAN, NAN, WHERE ARE YOU? SOMETHING'S HAPPENING... I MUST SEE YOU!





AUNTIE! AUNTIE!
SHE'S DEAD...
OH, SOMETHING'S
CHOKING ME!



NAN, LIE
DOWN, I'LL
GET A
DOCTOR!
BILL, BILL...
**COME UP-
STAIRS!**

NO... NO... TOO
LATE, AUNTIE AND
I WERE BOUND BY
AN INVISIBLE BOND...
NOW SHE IS DEAD,
I WILL DIE!



AS BELOW...

LISTEN, THAT'S
JIM! HE'S CALL-
ING-SOMETHING'S
THE MATTER...
COME ON!



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE...
IS NAN SICK?

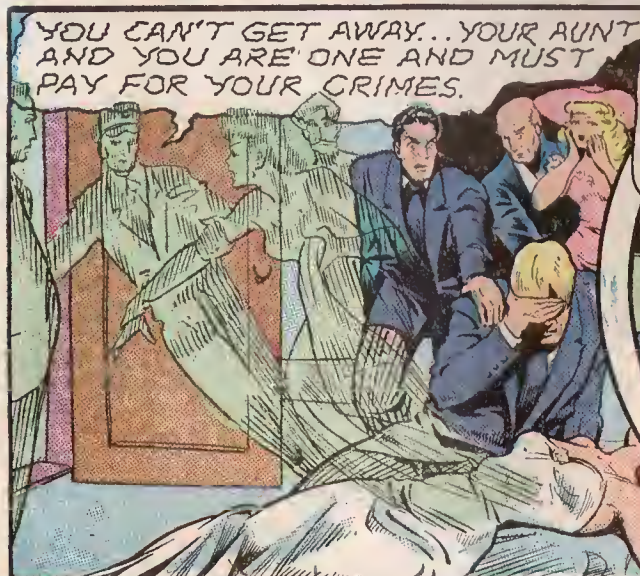
TOO LATE, SHE'S
DEAD! HER AUNT
WAS KILLED AND
NAN CHOKED TO
DEATH... SAID
THEY WERE
ONE PERSON!



AS...

COME...
COME
WITH
US.

NO... NO...
LET ME GO!



YOU CAN'T GET AWAY... YOUR AUNT
AND YOU ARE ONE AND MUST
PAY FOR YOUR CRIMES.

LATER...

I WAS LUCKY BILL...
IT WAS ALMOST AS
THOUGH SOME POWER
WATCHED OVER ME.
NAN WAS EVIDENTLY
COMPLETELY UNDER
HER AUNT'S SPELL...

WHERE'S
THE RING?
I'LL KEEP
IT FOR A
SOUVENIR.

SURE... IT'S RIGHT
HERE... WHY... THAT'S
FUNNY...
IT'S GONE!

GHOST GALLERY IN EVERY
ISSUE OF
JUMBO Comics!

What's My Job?—I Manufacture Weaklings into MEN!

Charles Atlas

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

GIVE ME a skinny, pepless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll *feel* and *look* different! You'll begin to *LIVE*!



Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN—IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"?

How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

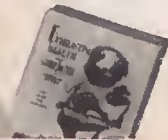
As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

2,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 236 L 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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Mail the coupon below right now for my FREE illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about "Dynamic Tension" methods. Crammed with pictures, factual. Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 236 L 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 236 L
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City Zone No.
(if any) State

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A.

FOR SALE AT

KARN'S DRUG STORE

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New ENLARGEMENT

3¢

STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements.

Think of having that small picture or snapshot of mother, father, sister or brother, children or others near and dear to you, enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more lifelike and natural.

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames. They tell us that their hand colored enlargements have living beauty sparkle and life.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Look over your pictures now and send us your favorite snapshot, photo or Kodak picture to be enlarged. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain

offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1552

211 W. 7th Street

Des Moines, Iowa

Forgotten Snapshot Makes Treasured Enlargement

Look over your snapshots and Kodak Albums for pictures of loved ones. Just send a print or negative with the coupon and a 3¢ stamp for return mailing today.

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1552, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Name

Address

City State

Color of Hair

Color of Eyes

The index card reprinted below, listing this book's features and credits, is the work of the comic's owner, Jim Vadeboncoeur Jr. and collaborator Hames Ware. Jim, known to most as JVJ, has graciously made his incredible collection of books available to the world via a network of trusted scanners, who prepare these rare treasures for digital preservation and sharing with the world. Jim and Hames are scholars who have identified credits for work that was done in an era when credits were optional. Some of the information presented here is recorded nowhere else in print or on the net. My thanks to Jim for my inclusion in the JVJ project.

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(<http://digitalcomicmuseum.com>)

Visit them, support them, and contribute to
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the ongoing efforts to bring Public Domain
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Edited, compiled and posted by builderboy.



BY DREW
MURDOCH

Jumbo #93

FH

11/46

Wren
Sheena
ZX-5

Slim Girl

STUART TAYLOR

THE HANK

GHOST GALLERY

Doolin

WYBBS - WADMAN

FURTE +

BAKER (FORDSTON + KAMEN)

FURTE (+ WADMAN)

WYBBS + BRUNSON

BAKER + FORDSTON